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OCCASIONAL

ATTEMPTS

AT

SENTIMENTAL POETRY.



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Print

OCCASIONAL
A T T E M P T S
AT
SENTIMENTAL POETRY,
BY
A MAN IN BUSINESS:
WITH SOME
MISCELLANEOUS COMPOSITIONS
of his FRIENDS.

Scribimus indocti doctique Poemata passim.

HOR.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. DURHAM, in Cockspur-street, near
Charing-Cross. MDCCLXIX.



CONTENTS.

P Oetical Preface, by a Friend,	Page 1
By way of Prologue to the following Rhimes; an extempore Reply to a Friend, who had invited himself to dine with me,	10
Elegiac Verses,	11
An Epilogue to the Tragedy of Lady Jane Grey,	15
To the Rev. Mr. B. S—, or, in his Absence, to his forsaken and solitary Gown,	18
To an unknown Lady, who had honoured me with some Attention at a public Musical Enter- tainment,	25
An Ode to Miss——, afterwards my Wife,	27
A 3	An

An Epistle to my Brother William,	30
To Miss——, afterwards my Wife,	37
To Captain Frazer, superintending the Demolition of Dunkirk,	41
An Epitaph intended for Michael Uttely, of Endfield,	45
To Dr. Thomas H——, who had taken me to the Top of the House where he lodged in Pall Mall, to shew me an Observatory, or Closet, the Situation of which he was particularly fond of,	47
Epitaph for an old Servant,	49
Epithalamium to the Earl of Sutherland,	50
A Northern Pastoral, on the Death of the Earl and countess of Sutherland,	54
Verfes from R— A—, Esq. accompanying the Notes of a new Minuet,	67
My Answer to the above,	69
Retirement. A Tale,	71

Written

CONTENTS.

vii

Written extempore in a Book call'd the English Connoisseur, on finding it lying on a Chair be- tween a Lady's Cloak and Apron,	77
On the Report of the D. of G——'s new House being fallen down,	78
Contentment within the common Reach,	80
Answer to the above,	86
Epitaph,	95
Elogy on the Death of a favourite Turtle-dove,	97
The Old Pond,	100
A detachment of the City Militia,	114
The Sailors and the Stone Images; a Parable,	120
Virgil's VIIIth Eclogue,	121
Verses sent under Cover to a fair Neighbour at Paris, who never shewed herself at her Window, although her Work-bag was constantly hanging there,	131
A Trip to Soho,	132
Lines written in a young Lady's Bible,	143

On the Death of the Reverend Mr. L. Sterne,	145
An Answer, sign'd Despair, to a punning Epitaph printed in one of the Public Papers, on a Mrs. Hope,	146
Lines written on the Canvas of a half-finished Portrait of Mrs. Crew,	148
A Letter from Bath, to Lady ———	149
Ode to Myra,	158
Spring. An Ode,	161
Ode on Pensiveness,	165

P R E F A C E.

BY THE

E D I T O R.

I Remember to have been at an exhibition of Pictures, to which I was admitted for the moderate consideration of One Shilling; and I received, into the bargain, a catalogue of them, prefaced with a short Essay upon Painting. The pictures happened to be all executed by the same hand that had written the Essay. I thought it therefore not improper, before I looked at the Author's painting, to run over a few pages of his print. I found his remarks very judicious, the subject entertaining, and his stile unusually correct. This encouraged me to proceed. I sat down in a window, and finished the Essay with great satisfaction; saying unto myself, this must be the performance of a great master; he should certainly excel in his art. But great was my surprise, on examining the pictures, to find, that almost every one of them contradicted the very rules he had so judiciously prescribed. It seemed as if the Painter, by that contrast, had intended to accelerate the instruction of such of the spectators, as had not before the least knowledge of his art; in *teaching* them at the same time to know what

what was a *good* picture, and *shewing* them what was a *bad*.

In like manner, have we seen many a harmless inoffensive book brought into disgrace, by some vain editor, who must needs prefix his officious and learned opinions to it by way of Preface, or Introductory Advice; but it is not my intention, nor is it in my power, by the above undue means, to do injury to the poetical attempts of my friend. They are far superior to any wit or learning, with which *I* could pretend to introduce them; and I have really not the abilities to expose their defects; the reader must find them out without my assistance; and defects they certainly have: for without meaning any offence to the author, we may very properly divide the following Attempts into two parts: the *sensible*, and the *nonsensical*. The first of these will speak for itself; but it behoveth us to offer something in apology for the latter. And here let me quote the judicious remark of certain learned criticks, for whose judgment and erudition I have a very profound respect: "There are two kinds of nonsense," said they, one day when they were jocosely inclined, "nonsense that will make a man *sleep*, and nonsense that will make a man *laugh*." Ergo, quoth I to myself, a little nonsense must be necessary towards accomplishing the worldly happiness of man. For, sleep,
pro-

providing it be not attended with uneasy dreams, bringeth relaxation to the body, and relieveth the mind from sorrow, anxiety, or rage; and as for laughter, no man, unless in a fit of convulsion, is subject to it, but at the times he is disposed to be cheerful, good humoured, or gay. My worthy friends have, however, forgotten to mention a third kind of nonsense, which commonly makes a man yawn. Against *that* kind I most solemnly enter my protest. It is a compound of insipid stuff, which serves to no one other earthly use; and I flatter myself it will not be found in the Sheets before us. But as for the other two kinds of nonsense, in these poetical attempts of my friend, should they occasion his readers either to sleep or laugh, I shall certainly think he has thereby done his country some service. The most eloquent orations, in a certain august assembly, have seldom any better effect; nor are they often found to be of greater benefit or utility to the nation.

Tho' I could make several apologies to my friend for giving his Attempts to the Publick, I shall mention but two: I imagined his friends would be glad to peruse his performances, without putting him to the continual trouble of transcribing them: my other inducement for printing them, proceeded from my having read in the publick papers the advertisement of a certain Book-seller,

seller, who gave the world to know, that shortly was by him to be published and vended the following valuable works.

The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.

A Collection of Etruscan, Greek and Roman *Antiquities*.

The History of France, &c.

The Seats and Causes of *Diseases*, investigated by Anatomy.

A compleat Dictionary of Marine.

Observations on the *Asthma*.

The Life of Alexander Pope, Esq;

A Treatise on the medical Virtues of *Acids*.

Extracts from the penal Laws.

A Review of the principal *Questions* and *Difficulties* in *Morals*.

And the Works of A. Pope, Esq; a new Edition.

What a magazine of knowledge for the improvement of the understanding! and towards the ennobling of the sentiments, enlivening the spirits, or brightening the imagination,—but a paultry new edition of an old stale book, which every body has read, and which, having read so often, every one can repeat with the same thoughtless indifference, as he does the prayers of our holy church!—By all that's good! I exclaim'd, it must not be. I will never suffer the head to gain knowledge

lege at the expence of the feelings of the heart; the brain to be tortured with the dry pursuit of philosophy, and the memory to be loaded with historical events, without something either to amuse or relax, if not to polish and humanize the mind. I therefore, instantly determined to present the Publick with the Sentimental Poetry of my friend.

So much of the title to these Sheets as contains *Occasional Attempts at Sentimental Poetry*, is the Author's own writing; the rest of it by a *Man in Business*, I took the liberty to add myself. I purposely avoided saying, "By a *Man of Business*," being aware the Criticks would alledge, that a *Man of Business* might have found something else to do than to write rhimes.—But the rest of my Preface I shall deliver to you in the Author's own words; for thus he was pleased to address me on presenting me with his Book.

"There, my friend, is the manuscript which you desired so much to read: but you must not expect to find any thing very poetical in it, for I have never had leisure enough to pay my court to the Muses in form. You know, that for several years, during the time I was learning my profession, I was very much employed in writing; but when I began business for myself, I had not occupation sufficient to give employment to my thoughts

thoughts or my pen. I had read, that, without some kind of pursuit for the imagination, the mind of a young man would soon become waste ; I therefore took to rhiming, by way of exercising my invention, and keeping my quill in use : yet the time I bestowed on it, were only those hours I employed in exercise for the preservation of my health. Most of what you see there was composed, either whilst I was walking in the crowded, noisy, muddy streets of London, or riding on the dusty roads of its environs ; and, on my return home, my head was no longer burdened with rhymes, than during the time I was transmitting my viatick compositions to paper. If more leisure had been allowed me, my performances might have been more correct, and more compleat ; but, circumstanced as I was, I could attempt nothing but what arose from occasional thoughts, according to the disposition of mind I happened to be in. I have, for that reason, given these Sheets the title which you have read ; and I could not, indeed, with propriety have given them any other ; for I have attempted very little at Descriptive Poetry, both for want of capacity, and for want of inclination. I could never endure to bestow many hours either in reading or writing the description of a thing, which, if in nature, I could behold to greater perfection with one glance of my

my eye ; and which, if not in nature, there could be very little merit in describing ; for, as the nearer the mind approaches to lunacy, the more it will excel in the ideal operations of the brain ; so the fancy of a madman will make him open, in ten minutes, more flowers of imagination, than the genius of the liveliest descriptive poet could shoot forth in as many moons.

If the perusal of my Rhymes should only amuse and entertain you, I shall look upon myself as a very idle scribler, and, in no degree more useful to society than a Dancing-master, or a Fidler ; but if it should approach you but one step nearer to virtue, I shall be satisfied with myself for having done some little good in the world ; although I shall never be vain of it, until it be allowed that, in life, every author does *act* according to the precepts which he has written. As to any advantage which may accrue to myself from this habit of rhyming, I can foresee none ; it will gain me no credit, either at Westminster-Hall, or on the 'Change of London. I therefore bid adieu to the Muses, till Fortune shall have placed me in some country retirement, where, instead of dismissing them as impertinent intruders, I shall be glad to court their company, and shall receive them as friendly visitors who come to amuse me in a winter's Evening.

I make

I make no doubt but you will be surpris'd at my method of arranging these Attempts. You will ask me, why I did not, in the usual manner, put all the Compositions of a serious nature together, and those of a comical cast under another separate head? My disposing of them otherwise proceeded entirely from a humour of my own: I never enjoy a laugh so heartily as after I have been ready to shed tears; and I am never more apt to wet mine eyes at any melancholy tale, than immediately after my sentiments have been roused by mirth. Besides, I believe, they will amuse you better in the form they are in, than if I had fixed your attention too long on one subject, or occasioned you to be a longer time either in a serious or a cheerful mood. It is not, in general, the taste of the moderns to sit down composedly to twelve books of Miltonic composition, nor yet to as many cantos of Hudibrastic verse. Their delight is in a quick variety; the intention of their reading being oftener to kill time, than to acquire knowledge, or imbibe truth."

POETICAL

POETICAL PREFACE,

By a FRIEND.

OR,

An APOLOGY for writing VERSE.

In a DIALOGUE betwixt a POET and his FRIEND.

FRIEND.

YES, yes, my Friend, whate'er your Poets say,
Ne'er to write verse is far the better way.

P O E T.

Hold, rigid judge; blame not the noble art;
Observe, this once, a Friend's, not Critic's part;
And while of Poets I defend the cause,
With patience hear, and judge by candid laws.—
Is there a man, with shining talents born,
Whom classic knowledge, sterling wit adorn;

B

Whose

Whose only fault, if that a fault you call,
 Is, he must write in verse, or not at all ;
 Must, then, this man condemn'd to silence sit,
 Because he cannot speak in Prose like *Pitt* ?
 Or must he ne'er, unhappy man ! presume
 To write, because he writes not like a *Hume* ?
 No, no, my Friend, to man indulgent Heav'n
 Has various tasks, and various talents, giv'n ;—
 A *Pope*, to lash a vicious age, assign'd ;
 And gave to *Gay* each virtue of the mind ;
 * *Murray*, in councils and debates to shine
 With Ciceronian eloquence, is thine !
 The praise of conduct is to *Brunswick* due ;
 Courage beam'd forth, ill-fated *Wolfe* ! in you.—
 Heroes for glory may in fight contend ;
 Still on some Poet does their fame depend.
 Verse can our passions move, awake our woe,
 And force our tears, unask'd unfeign'd, to flow :

* Lord Mansfield.

Who,

Who, if he *Eloisa's* strains peruse,
 Can to her woes a friendly tear refuse?
 What bard, unmov'd, could tell *Dione's* fate?
 Or young *Amelia's* harder doom relate?
 By light'ning struck, ('twas Heav'n's severe decree),
 She left despair, O *Celadon!* to thee;
 That genuine grief, which in each line appears,
Thompson, when writing, felt, and sunk in tears.
 Nor is the pow'r of verse confin'd to this;
 It can, my friend, augment, nay, cause our bliss:
 Oft the companion of a midnight bowl,
 It tunes to open chearfulness the soul;
 With joyful praise a * *Drummond's* life will scan,
 Or from a † *Stormont* paint a virtuous man;
 Can oft, by well-plac'd satire, raise our mirth,
 And crush the serpent Envy in its birth.
 And sure, with steady well-directed rage,
 Each bard is bound to lash a vicious age;

* Archbishop of York.

† Lord Stormont.

Or raise a mirror to the villain's fight,
 And shew his features in their truest light :
 For, if a bard, in satire dip his quill,
 And vice deride, with slow reserve and skill,
 Why should the world, malicious as it is,
 Condemn an honest action, good like this ?
 Should he 'gainst *George* or * *Saville* arm his pen,
 I own the Critics would have reason, then ;
 But if more gentle, and perhaps less vain,
 He to a mistress should confine his strain,
 Why should not he, in flow'r'y meadows stray ;
 What to the publick is his harmless play ?
 Content is he, beside some rural cell,
 To mark the beauties of the woodland dell.
 What say you, now ?

F R I E N D.

In our degen'rate age,
 Is found from flatt'ry free no Poet's page.
 No Author dares give vicious men their due.

† Sir George Saville.

P O E T.

P O E T.

There lies the fault my Friend : alas ! 'tis true,
 Each bard, dependent on a great man, gives
 His mite of praise ;—'tis just, by that he lives ;—
 But I, who, blest by fortune, sought the muse
 Thro' hope of pleasure, not thro' sordid views ;
 If, forc'd by merit, at a time, I raise
 My humble measures, and attempt to praise,
 No self-sprung Int'rest can my lines indite ;
 My heart must dictate, what my hand should write ;
 With me all mankind are at first the same ;
 I call *him* great, who dares aspire to fame ;

F R I E N D.

Rais'd by his birth, and in his fortune blest,
Alexander lives.

P O E T.

But in inglorious rest.

F R I E N D.

Adorn'd with ev'ry virtue of the heart,
 Each talent nature can to man impart ;

Lov'd by his friends, and by the world admir'd,
His breast was never by ambition fir'd ;
He lives contented in his calm retreat.—

P O E T.

I own him *virtuous*, but he is not *great*.
To private virtues we must praises give ;
But, for himself, no man is born to live.
This greatly just, this universal rule,
I early learn'd, my Friend, when yet at school :
“ What-ever fortune Heav'n on man bestows,
“ To serve his country is a debt he owes.”—
Should I at *George's* name my numbers raise,
And tune each measure to the notes of praise,
What could severest Critics find to blame ?

F R I E N D.

All this they'd praise, but sordid interest name,

P O E T.

No, no, my Friend ; perhaps in Whitehead's mouth
It might like flatt'ry sound ; in mine 'tis truth.

Or

Or should I tell, how, shame to human kind,
 A man by fortune blest, of lofty mind,
 Forgetting honor's ever sacred ties,
 Could nature's and religion's laws despise,
 Could break each band that should mankind unite,
 To please a mean lascivious appetite ;
 'Tis, then, that Satire aims aright the dart,
 And wounds, (for O ! she's just), the guilty heart.
 For, sure, the man, who from such duty swerves
 The rudest touch of Satire's hand deserves ;
 And tho', at times, he may my pity claim,
 I think him vicious, and, as such, must blame.
 For, passion (this bewail !) in man too strong,
 The mind oft hurries to the depth of wrong ;
 And tho' he mark the path that leads to right,
 Vice, but too oft, obscures his dubious sight.

F R I E N D.

Well, grant that satire is the muse's task,
 Why scribble odes and elegies, I ask ?

P O E T.

At various times, my Friend, in different ways,
 The active mind her sev'ral thoughts displays ;
 Nor should a bard his talent only use
 For satire's strain ; he often must amuse :
 To please the fair must quit th' ill-natur'd pen,
 Nor treat the ladies as he would the men ;
 Beau, wit, poet must, to win them, ever
 Say *charming* things, and things thought *mighty clever* ;
 To softer notes must tune his am'rous lays,
 And give to woman vain, her darling praise.

F R I E N D.

This is to flatter sure !

P O E T.

Why yes, my Friend ;
 'Tis flatt'ry all ; but with an honest end.
 Heav'n the soft sex, from earliest times, design'd
 To be the flatter'd idol of mankind.—
 Yet more, that Poetry can mortals bless,
 Another proof, undoubtedly, is this :

Retiring

Retiring statesmen, oft, their cares to ease,
 Have fought the Muses in their later days :
 So *Granville* sung in Windsor's beauteous bowers ;
 So *Addison* employ'd his leisure hours ;
 A like amusement, *Littleton*, is thine !
 Humbly your steps, great bards ! to trace, be mine ;

F R I E N D.

Enough, enough, my Friend, your case I find
 Is desp'rate quite ;—a frenzy of the mind.—

P O E T.

Here then we end ; keep each his notion still ;
 Blame you, whilst I write on.

F R I E N D.

And so *I will*.

By

By way of PROLOGUE to the following
Rhimes ; an extempore Reply to a Friend,
who had invited himself to dine with me.

YES ; we're at home, my worthy chum,
And dine alone ; so you may come.
Your birth-day suit you need not put on,
To pick with us a bone of mutton ;
Come in which tatter'd coat you choose,
In night-gown, slippers, or slit shoes ;
You'll find no prig, at our plain board,
Against your garb will draw his sword.
Bring but an appetite to eat,
And you'll be welcome to the treat.—

ELE-

ELEGIAC VERSES,

Sent with a present of Italian Airs to a young
Lady, on her retiring to the Country for the
summer-season *.

From Edinburgh, 1761.

FALL'N is thy pride, Edina ! and thy hope ;
Thy walls, no more, a pleasing aspect wear ;
Thy fate to melancholy thought gives scope,
And draws from grief the tributary tear.

Celia is gone !—the beauty of thy court,
In thy once-gay abode now dwells no more ;
Thy youth to silent solitude resort ;—
Unheard, their loss, in mournful strains, deplore.

* On comparing these lines, composed at the request of a friend, to be sent to a lady whom I had never seen, with the Ode to Miss ———, the reader will naturally recollect the answer which Mr. Waller made to king Charles II. on his majesty's asking him, " How it came that the verses he had addressed to him, were not so good as the poem he had composed on Oliver Cromwell ? " " The reason of that, an't please your majesty, is very plain, We poets excel in fiction."

Let

Let me, too, raise my voice in plaintive lay,
 And weep the absence of thy beauteous queen ;
 'Till winter's clouds, wide-dark'ning o'er the day,
 Shall rob the meadows of their envied green.

But say, is't winter's hoary frost, or rain,
 That blasts the verdure of the woody shade ?—
 Ah ! no ; the groves their charms from Celia gain,
 Bloom at her sight,—but in her absence fade.

Their shy inhabitants, the feather'd tribe,
 While her melodious voice breathes heav'nly sound,
 From the sweet notes new harmony imbibe,
 And, to her music list'ning, hover round.

When soft she sings by yon clear murm'ring rill,
 As melting sorrow moves her tender soul,
 The rocky banks, commiserating feel ;
 To the known voice the streams, lamenting, roll.

Behold she wanders to the neighb'ring cave,
 To glad, with vocal sound, the hollow'd dome ;

But

But Echo—(hark ! the vain rebellious slave !)
Saddens the gloomy vault with solemn tone.

Now lost within these dismal-weeping walls,
Ah ! vainly, I attempt t' allay my grief ;
Frequent the dance of sorrow-conqu'ring *balls*,
Dull *concerts* hear, or seek, in *mirth*, relief :—

With Celia's charms no more the *circle* shines ;
Her sweeter chant enlivens not the *band* ;
Alas ! my heart, where e'er I wander, pines ;—
My peace is lost, and pleasure's at an end.

Desponding thoughts my tortur'd mind oppress ;
Faintly I try to utter with my tongue ;
Heart-giv'n sobs my fault'ring words suppress ;
Trembling the quill declines the woful song.

O come, assist me with pathetic moan
Of am'rous melody, ye Tuscan swains !
Both love and grief unite, in ev'ry tone,
To swell the music of your soothing strains.

They

They come, they come, attentive to my call,
 Lo ! they draw near, sweet choiresters of love !—
 When at thy feet, fair nymph ! they prostrate fall,
 May they thy heart to soft compassion move.

Could I then see thee, smiling, join their muse,
 How would my breast, with rapt'rous pleasure, glow,
 As thro' my soul thy vocal notes diffuse
 The *second* bliss thou can'st on man bestow.

May these relent thee, in a far retreat,
 To cheer Edina with thy quick return ;
 Reflect, with pity, on the wretched fate
 Of those who *love*,—and Celia's absence mourn,
 To me restore, lov'd maid ! my former peace,
 The joy I knew when Celia tun'd the lyre ;
 O ! deign these mansions, with thy sight, to grace,
 And with new life my languid bosom fire.

An

AN EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of Lady
JANE GREY; spoken by the young Lady
who had acted the Part of Lady Jane.

Enough my friends, of *serious* stuff, say I;
Aren't we met here to *laugh*, as well as *cry*?

I hated crying, when I was at school;

For, then, too oft I wept,—corrected fool!

I hate it *now*, for mortals it makes sad,

And none would I see grave, but men quite bad.—

To *such* display black scenes of guilt and woe;

Their souls may start, and tears of sorrow flow;

Remorse may seize them, for their actions past,

When they behold,—vice punish'd at the last;

Or when, as now, in tragedy they see

Not god-like virtue from misfortune free,

They'll think on death, where recompence shall come

To suffering goodness, for it's *earthly* doom:

They'll think on tortures, that we're told await

The prosp'rous sinner, in some future state.

Let

Let *such* think serious ;—but for us, *good* folks !
 Let us be gay, and (if we can) crack jokes.
 We'll say each woman, in this iron age,
 Would bend her mind to poke in Plato's page ;
 Would, for her husband, quit a gambling life ;
 Nay more,—forgoe dear matrimonial strife !
 And, like *Jane Grey*, that each our female youth
 Would cleave to Gospel, and would die for truth.
 But here I'm stopt,—by one of your *dull* fables ;
 The *man and beast* ; —“ Sweet madam ! turn the
 tables.”

Well, then, to please ye, let me add, each swain
 Would love like *Guilford* ; for his spouse be slain ;
 Would kneel before her, while she mourn'd the
 dead,

Nor swear, she was to freeze in Iceland made ;
 Each would, like *Pembroke*, mildly yield the fair ;
 Nor once attempt,—t' adorn the husband's hair.
 In truth, my friends, such worthies are not throng ;
 For tho' some bards, to swell their sounding song,

Do

Do quote them oft,—they are so very rare,
 To name a dozen, now, would make you stare ;
 But priests like *Gard'ner*, ever at our back,
 Proud, strut in purple ;—gravely, stalk in black ;
 In *Britain*, few ;—of *foreign* priests I speak :
 The Spaniard, Gaul, Swiss, Roman, and the Greek ;
 Yet even these, if brib'd with a nice dinner,
 Will melt, relent, and pardon a weak sinner.
 Be kind, like *them* ; and not, like *Gard'ner*, proud,
 Stern, and unfeelingly as a stoic crowd :—
You're brib'd from *Rowe* ; you've feasted on his
 play ;
 Forgive the awkward waiters of the day ;
 Smile on the lads that serv'd you up *Jane Grey*.

Note. As there was no Farce after the Play, it was
 thought proper that the Epilogue should be above the
 common length.

To the Rev. Mr. B. S——, or, in his absence, to his forsaken and solitary Gown.

Mr. S. of Rotterdam, equipt with bag-wig and sword, to disguise his profession, was gone on a journey through Flanders, and had promised to write me his travels in doggrel verse; which not appearing, I sent the following letter to his house, to be pinned to his gown, or to be delivered to him at his return.

From A M S T E R D A M.

MY rev'rend Sir, I sit me down
 T' indite epistle to your gown;
 That gown which frighten'd men from evil,
 Like pope's bulls, hell-fire, or the devil;
 Which (like a scare-crow, in a mead,
 Whose rags shy birds that come to feed)
 Did keep your friends in distant awe,
 And made them think 'twas death they saw,

'Till,

'Till, well acquainted with your visage,
 They knew, from thence, a harmless image.
 O robe ! now hung up and forsaken,
 As 'n chimney corner, ham or bacon ;
 Abandon'd by th' ungrateful lord,
 For spruce tie-wig and bully sword ;
 Accept these lines, and give a place,
 To what, before thy master's face
 Dare scarce appear, in guise of verse,
 Unless as fodder for his ——
 And, sure, no paper's brought from China
 More fit for shrine of Cloacina.
 Condole with me the loss of pastor,
 And to thyself a worthy master ;
 No swarthy collier e'er dug coal-pit,
 With greater strength, than he beat pulpit ;
 No cobbler e'er did mend old boots
 With nicer skill, than he made notes ;
 No tinker better mended kettle
 Than he most knotty points did settle ;

And when an argument he had,
 Which some weak people would call bad,
 He could so twist around his subject,
 That few could tell his real object.—
 Just so French cook beguiles your palate,
 With some nice dish of “ what d’ye call it;”
 Perhaps the sole of an old-shoe,
 Bak’d in a paste of finest dough ;
 First pepper’d, hash’d, and mixed well
 With onions strong, to hide worse smell ;
 Then oil and vinegar at pleasure,
 And salt, thrown in, to fill the measure ;
 With such ingredients, who could know
 A mutton-chop from an old shoe ?—
 But where alas ! is now this pastor ?
 I dread he’s met with some disaster :
 He promis’d faithfully to write,
 And all his story to recite :—
 His trav’ls to *this* town and thro’ *that*,
 With all appurt’nance of chit-chat,

These

These eight long days have I expected,
 And still th' epistle is protracted.—
 'Faith, S—d—n, thou art but a *ketter*, *
 If thou forget'st this promis'd letter;—
 A mere *dissenter* from thy word;
Gueux by ev'ry popish record,—
 Now could I write, and much relate
 Of my own travels thro' *this* † state :—
 Of *houses* ‡, floating upon water;
 And *ships*, that sail on solid matter;
 Of *men*, who 'cause the women wear
 One pair of breeches (thro' chaste fear,)
 Must needs wear *three*,—to shew their genders,
 And be, to master-ship, pretenders.—

* Name for a Protestant.

† Holland.

‡ On some parts of the coast of Holland, the houses and trees appear to the sight before any land is seen, and seem to the eye to float upon the water. And in the inland navigation of the country, many of the rivers are banked up so high, that, when you are but a few paces from them, you can see nothing of the water for the bank or dyke, on which the vessels appear to be sailing.

But this I drop ;—thou'lt no pretence
 To my respect or reverence ;—
 (These, now, to th' owner of the cloak,
 Whose bile I fear will make him choak,)
 For not one syllable, or word,
 Hast thou address'd me ; nor have heard,
 To any thou hast wrote epistle,
 Spoken, sung, or giv'n a whistle,
 Since I last took thee by the fist,
 And pray'd thy travels might be blest.—
 Besides, if I were willing to it,
 And chose to write, could I now do it ?
 No, no,—alas ! when muse grows heavy,
 I could not rhyme, if 'twere to save ye ;
 And well thou know'st, she's not, *per force*,
 To move or trot, like restive horse ;
 She will jog on her own slow stride ;
 Then, poet, be content to ride ;
 For if thou mean in haste to drive,
 Thy verse, for sure, will never thrive ;

When

When first thou usest spur or whip,
 The sorry jade will make a trip,
 Or throw thee off with hasty flirt,
 And drag poor poet thro' the dirt.

* So have I seen, on Portsmouth's dusty road,
 A restive mare by hasty tar bestrode;

The beast, if coax'd, could go a trav'ling pace,
 Altho' by age unfit to run a race.

His head still swimming with the ship-board terms,
 "All hands aloft!" cries Jack;—then wields his
 arms,

Lashes his whip, and kicks with armed heels;

The jade, more stubborn as the more she feels,
 Still stands, resolv'd;—and what can poor Jack do;

"More sail I carry, swifter shall I go."

* Since this was written, I have found a simile equally sublime, of a city-apprentice on horseback, in the very laughable and entertaining Poem of Rodondo; but as my Epistle was written before the publication of that Poem, I think it but justice to the author to declare he had never seen my manuscript.

He mutters then, and kicks with doubled speed ;
The creature's sides now first begin to bleed ;
Provok'd she feels the spur's inglorious smart,
And each mean lash, that pierceth to her heart ;
She bends her neck, she throws her rump on high ;
Lo ! in the dust, see son of Neptune lie !—

To

To an unknown LADY, who had honoured
me with some attention at a public Musical
Entertainment.

WHEN Handell's notes my fancy rais'd to
Heav'n,

Thy lovely look recall'd me to the earth ;
But why such beauty to a mortal giv'n,
Since all must fade that here below has birth ?

That timely thought repress the melting flame
Which, in my glowing breast, began to rise ;
I sought not thy abode, nor ask'd thy name,
Lest virtue dwelt not with those sparkling eyes.

The hymn half-sung, I fled ;—I fled thy charms ;
For well I knew the evils that attend
The fond embraces of the wanton's arms,
And where her vows and protestations end.

Yet sadder woe awaits the tender youth,
That burns with wishes for some virtuous maid,
Who,

Who, foe to falsehood and a friend to truth,

Denies her hand where vows are not repaid.

Then learn, my fair, if e'er again we meet,

The reason thy bright presence I forego :

My heart I'll keep in peaceful quiet seat,

Unless the object of it's love I know.

A N O D E.

To Miss ——, afterwards my Wife.

Sed vetuere Patres quod non potuere vetare.

AH! wretched is the youth that loves,
Yet trembles to declare

The flame, which his soft passion moves,
To his beloved fair ;

Who, to an opulent estate

And title, is not born ;

Expos'd to th' evil strokes of fate,

And to proud mortal's scorn.—

Curs'd fate ! that gav'st to me the light,

But sadly to behold

Daphne, of form most heav'nly bright,

For riches to be fold.—

Such beauty, innocence, and wit,

By pow'r divine was giv'n ;

Thro'

Thro' her, prevailing wisdom's light,
Refulgent shines from Heav'n.

And, ah ! must those perfections crown
The man that has most ore ;
Were he, by birth obscure, a clown,
Or born on Afric's shore ?

Yes, wretch ! thy cruel lot bemoan ;
Daphne can ne'er be thine :—
Unpitied, art thou doom'd to groan
Before love's sacred shrine.—

Thy low estate doth not suffice
To calm a parent's fear ;
Nor hast thou drawn, from her bright eyes,
One sympathetick tear.

Yet honours, nor the pomp of state,
(Wealth would insipid prove)
Nor other joys do I regret :
Alone my charmer's love.

Then

Then change, ye gods ! my Daphne's heart,
Avert her dreaded ire ;
And to her melting breast impart
Love's soft extatick fire !

No, no, y' immortal pow'rs of truth,
Heed not my thoughtless pray'r ;
Why do'st thou ask, unthinking youth !
The mis'ry of thy fair ?—

Cold as the frost in winter's morn,
May Daphne ever prove ;
And, with fond heart, make no return
To my still constant love ;

Since parent's will decrees our doom
United ne'er to be,
Let me, despairing, fill the tomb,
And sole deplored be.

A N E P I S T L E

To my Brother WILLIAM.

WILLIAM, attend, while I relate
Of lady's cap th' unlucky fate ;

And if, when I have done my tale,

It please you not, pray do not rail :—

Many a witty thing is said,

That suits not well to ev'ry head ;

As a peculiar gift from Hea'vn,

To some to *argue*, it is giv'n ;

T' others, alone to *judge* aright,

Without the pow'r to *speak*, or *write*.

Now, should my tale, perchance, prove dry,

Your judgement, sure, must be awry :

For poet, of my learned merit,

Hath at command both wit and spirit ;

And needs but thrice to hem or cough,

To give you, strait, some logic tough ;

Some

Some prolix write, in mystic lore ;
 Such as man never wrote before.
 As yet, the universal gloom
 Had not o'er-spread the weaver's loom *;
 And mill'ner fad, with real moan,
 Did not lament the demis'd crown,
 When, in her shop, hung and adorn'd
 With all that fashion's whim e'er form'd,
 Sophy, one day, supinely fat ;
 Her eyes fix'd, staring, on her cat,
 Which, snoring, on the hearth, lay by'r,
 Enjoying both good bed and fire ;
 Her mind (dame fortune's constant votary)
 Was deep immers'd in wheel of lottery ;
 And while thus rapt in pleasing hope,
 Sudden the glazen-gate did ope ;
 Quick Sophy turn'd her head and view'd,—
 Not here a beau, coquet, or prude,

* At the death of his late majesty.

Demanding gloves or filken ware,
 But lo ! a sturdy drunken tar,
 Who slow approach'd the counter-table,
 Steering his course as he was able ;
 Yet not so steddily but did tack,
 And shew alternate, face and back.
 The lady started at the sight
 And ghastly star'd ;—as well she might ;
 Such a disguise, (and that t'adorn)
 Never appear'd on human form :—
 A hat he wore, that once was lac'd,
 But now with pitch and tar disgrac'd ;
 A lank-hair, French-prize wig, he wore,
 With top behind and tail before ;
 Which tail, at each responsive nod,
 Did shake and wag, like magic rod.
 His nose did many a blow sustain ;
 Altho' 'twas made of stronger stuffian
 Than Frenchman's hair, or rotten silk,
 It was half-beat to butter-milk.

Beneath

Beneath this wig appear'd a phiz,
 Which you'd have sworn was none of his ;
 So swell'd with gin, with beef so full,
 It liken'd more to head of bull.
 His garb was such as sailors wear :
 Once 'twas new,—but, now, quite threadbare ;
 Yet not so old, nor tarr'd, 'tis true,
 But you'd perceive it had been blue ;
 It's *present* hue, (not to reveal,)
 Jack did most artfully conceal,
 Under the veil of cleaner trowsers,
 Wrapt, with care, about his shoulders ;
 His head came peeping out above,
 Like Spaniard's thrust thro' bushy ruff ;
 In's hand, accustom'd to the oar,
 A trusty oaken plant he bore ;
 For being us'd to weild his arm,
 He might have done some deadly harm ;
 Was not he forc'd to prop his body,
 Tottering under load of * Toddy.

* A Sailor's drink of rum and water.

D

He

He kiccup'd thrice;—as oft essay'd
 The human voice,—when thus he bray'd :—
 “ While yet my purse is full of pay,
 “ Give me a handkerchief—(I pray)
 “ Of colour fine, blue, white and red,
 “ And silk, too, Madam, every thread.”
 Now Sophy straight obey'd his orders,
 And one produc'd with curious borders ;
 “ Ay ! this will do,”—He then apply'd it
 Unto his neck, where round he ty'd it.
 A Lady's cap next struck his eyes,
 Which seem'd to him most worthy prize ;
 “ Give me that cap,”—“ Pray try it on ;”
 Tho' Sophy gaz'd ;—it must be done ;
 Queres, indeed, she durst not ask ;
 For 'tis as difficult a task,
 To get sound reason from a drunkard,
 As to sip drink from empty tankard ;
 His hat thrown down, and wig adjusted,
 Shew'd plain he did not make a jest o' 't ;

The

The cap was try'd,—but prov'd too tight ;
 This readily was set to right,
 With ribbons ty'd in bulky noose,
 His chin beneath, whence they flow'd loose,
 In various dye, down to his waist ;
 Like flying pennant from the mast.
 Dear Soph ! I e'er allow'd thy merit ;
 Thou dost excel in public spirit ;
 An hundred actions, could I name,
 Whereby thou gain'st immortal fame ;
 But thus t'affist a helpless tar,
 Out-does thy former deeds by far !
 “ Sum those now up in one account,
 “ Saith Jack, and tell me the amount.”
 So much, quoth Sophy, and no more ;
 Quoth he, “ I ne'er bought caps before ;—
 “ I trust your word ;—they're cheap you say ;
 “ I have, howe'er, no cash to pay ;
 “ My noble captain is at WILL's *,
 “ His pockets lin'd with cash and bills ;

* WILL's Coffee-House.

“ And there will pay upon demand,

“ Whate’er of mine, he has in hand.

“ Send you the maid, and she’ll receive it.”

“ I would, quoth Soph, as lief *here* have it.”

“ And ’till I’m paid, you shall not stir

“ Without the door,—come pay me, Sir.”

“ Woman, quoth *he*, didst think I’d cheat thee?

“ If thou wert man, for this I’d beat thee;

“ Whom, mefs-mate, dost thou take me for?”

This said, he sly approach’d the door;

Which op’d with haste for quick retreat;

At this, Soph, starting from her seat,

Follow’d him out, with loud reproaches;

In vain; unheard for sound of coaches:

’Twas dark; lamps only gave a glimm’ring light,

And John evaded Sophy’s eager fight.

To Miss ———, afterwards my Wife ; written when I was in the North, and supposed to be partly addressed to her Picture in my Possession.

NOW, in the vigour of those youthful days,
When o'er the heart great love tyrannic
fways ;

When passions rule, and wisdom bows their slave ;

Tender the mild, and *furious* are the brave ;

How can I see, and seeing, not adore,

That heav'nly image of a beauteous store ?

O blest'd with all that's lovely in the fair !

The next-fam'd nut-brown maid, beyond compare,

Thy absence mourning, and with care oppress'd,

Let me a-new recall thee to my breast ;

There deep engrave thy countenance serene,

Thy form seraphic, and thy virgin mien ;

Left time * those faint-drawn lines should e'er
erase,

Or Northern fair my yet-pure love debase :
Thro' all thy features god-like virtue's trac'd,
While all with perfect symmetry are grac'd ;
From hidden pow'r, those eyes, their influence
draw ;

With love inspire and reverential awe ;
Judgment and wit seem there to fix abode,
And point to female sway th' unerring road ;
Nor magic pow'r of beauty ever fails,
When soft persuasion in the eye prevails.
Thy vivid bloom, and smoothed brow, e'er tell
The peace and calm which in thy bosom dwell ;
Yet have I seen that bosom swell and fall,
(Unveil'd by kindly custom of the ball,)
But 'twas with care to please a virgin mate,
Friendship to gain, or banish envious hate ;

* Pointing to the Portrait.

Curs'd passions, there, ne'er fell rebellion rais'd,
 Nor guilty flame with sadder fury blaz'd.
 Those smiling lips, vermillion as the rose;
 As dew, their balm! with gentle sweetness close;
 Bespeak the friendship of each gen'rous breast,
 Or guiltless, rob th' admirer of his rest.
 Behold the tresses on thy snowy neck,
 In sportive locks, and curls encircling, break!
 These, emblematic, down thy shoulders, trace
 Thy native ease and unaffected grace.
 Why of that form the Graces singly name?
 All, all, within th' exalted mind proclaim;
 Pronounce a soul peculiar gift of heav'n,
 (A just reward to pious culture giv'n!)
 And joy celestial to the happy swain,
 Who, blest'd in love, thy yielding hand shall gain.
 Can I, Maria! then forget thy frame;
 The bliss I feel on breathing of thy name;
 Forget thy virtues, and thy shape divine;
 And, with false vows, for other virgins pine?

No, let me rather from this sphere be hurl'd,
Amidst the ruins of a falling world ;
Accurs'd the fury of that furnace feel,
Whose damned flames all falshood shall reveal ;
Or be my doom,—(O yet as dreaded fate ;)
Thy scorn, contempt, and full-avenging hate.

To

To Captain FRAZER, superintending the
Demolition of DUNKIRK; written from
ANTWERP: in Answer to his kind Invita-
tion to revisit his house on my Return to
FLANDERS.

N E'ER more to finger pen poetic,
Exposed to the lash of critic,
Full oft I've sworn, and sworn again,
But still the scribbling itch retain.
Thus far my Muse runs smoothly on,
And well she may;—for be it known,
Those lines I once address'd before
T' a virgin *then*,—tho' such no more;
Yet none of that politer sort,
Who fly in swarms about a court,
Who for th' addition of some pounds
Unto their jointure,—or some grounds;
With brazen and indiff'rent face,
Do give their bodies to th' embrace

Of

Of pocky lord, or greasy cit;
 Unknown to them, love, sense, and wit.—
 Now take not here my meaning wrong,
 And think I labour, in my song,
 To vent my anger, spleen, or spite,
 'Gainst damsels, who did e'er requite
 My supplications and my vows
 With storming mouth, or knitted brows;
 Far be such thought;—nor need I mince it;
 Like Cæsar, who ne'er fought—*sed vincit*,
 I ne'er made love, but overcame;
 But, not to boast, I thus explain;
 I ne'er was smit with lovely dame,
 But she who now is bound for life,
 To be my mistress and my wife.
 But what the dev'l next to give ye,
 That might divert, or ev'n grieve ye,
 As thus in doggrel verse I write,
 I know not farther to indite.

'Tis

'Tis too as hard to rhyme to Frazer,
 As shave my beard with rusty razor,
 Or find a word to Eleazer :
 And for my other friend, sweet Durnford !
 I swear I'll owe him a good turn for't ;
 If, when his name comes thwart my verse,
 He would, for me, one line rehearse.
 E'er we proceed, 'twould now be better,
 To thank you kindly for your letter ;
 And for th' invitation giv'n,
 For which be your reward in heav'n :
 When friends sincere their houses ope,
 A guest most sure they'll find Jack ——— ;
 But when they treat with gaullic cheer,
 Enliven'd with strong British beer,
 (To feed well, why need he go farther ?)
 They'll have shrewd John for *constant* boarder.
 As to your bribe of *Flander's mare**,
 For *such* he'd give you not a hair :

* Such another, perhaps, as our king Harry the Eighth complained of.

Hollow her back;—her rump not low;—
 Her rough mouth, hard;—her paces, slow;
 Withal a belly,—like a globe;
 She'd tire the patience of a Job.
 Then * Blood so long has rode nice Jack,
 He can't now bear to mount a hack.
 When † jettées, therefore, give you leisure,
 Upon your mare to take your pleasure;
 E'en take your gallop to the end,
 And spare her not for squeamish friend.
 Tho' oft 'long strand on foot you go it,
 The ride will do you good; I know it;
 I could, with arguments plain shew it:
 But well can Durnford fit a saddle,
 (Note, here his name comes in the middle,)
 And well he can expound the matter,
 The more you ride, you'll *ride* the better.

* The term the jockies give to a high bred horse.

† The demolition of the piers, or jettées, at Dunkirk.

A N

E . P I T A P H

I N T E N D E D F O R

MICHAEL UTTELY, of ENDFIELD;

Who having, by the Benefaction of Friends,
purchased his Tombstone, and laid it in
the Church-yard of that Place, continues
to pay a daily and solitary Visit to the Spot
of his future Abode.

U Nthinking mortals! stop, and mark this
stone;

No darling son, no daughter, lost, I moan;

No bones of a dead father, claim a tear;

No honour'd reliques of a monarch, here;

In this dark vault, his debt to nature paid,

Michael, a poor, but honest man, is laid;

Michael still liv'd when friendship laid this stone;

A Friend inscribes it *now*,—a friend unknown,

Who

Who means, of all his worth, alone to tell
One goodly practice : e'er by age he fell,
Serenely sad, he courted oft the dead,
And, to his tomb, a daily visit made.
Ye great, ye proud, ye rich, ye poor, attend ;
This lesson follow ;—fearless view your end.

To Dr. THOMAS H——, who had taken me
to the Top of the House where he lodged
in Pall-Mall, to shew me an Observatory,
or Clofet, the Situation of which he was
particularly fond of.

FRIEND H—— one day shew'd me a garret,
From whence he vow'd, (should God but
spare it,)

And should no impious devil marr it ;

He'd write both History and Physic,
That would, for his meaning make ye seek ;
And rhymes compose, would give the phthysic.

How with man's will does fortune sport !
This garret, join'd to George's court,
Lay as a ship in sight of port.

Friend H—— attended now the great ;
Court'd each minister of state ;
Forgot his friends of ancient date.

But

But had, perchance, his high abode,
Lain somewhat nearer Grubstreet road,
He had not follow'd courtiers mode.

He'd thought of patrons to be bought ;
Of distant country-friends he'd thought ;
Would have esteem, by court'fy, bought.

H——, e'er too late, now think on John ;
On Mary, with her new-born son ;
And, what we wish, leave not undone.

But not to take us on a sudden,
(For, ev'ry day there's not a good one ;)
At *Sunday's* dinner, is *the pudding* ;

Inform us, (if so low you'll stoop,)
At Hornsey, when you'll eat your soupe,
With us a *poor*, but *hopeful* groupe.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

For an old SERVANT.

PASS not, proud mortals! thus unmindful by
 Here moulders one, who never told a lie;
 Who ne'er detracted from another's fame;
 Nor e'er, by scandal, brought a man to shame;
 In life's uneven path contented trod;
 Curs'd not his neighbour, nor blasphem'd his God;
 To converse private gave no list'ning ear;
 Nor was, one slander, ever known to hear;
 Who, silent to his friends as to his foes,
 His master's secrets never would disclose;
 But faithful, sober, pious, good, and just,
 Serv'd him obedient, and fulfill'd his trust;
 More *virtuous*, none, in boastful Greece or Rome;
 More *great* there were,—for *deaf* he was and
dumb.

EPITHALAMIUM

To the EARL of SUTHERLAND.

GO, haste you, Cupid, to your ward,
Said Venus to her darling son;
Your spies augment, encrease her guard,
Or Chloe is to-night undone.—

A son of Mars assails her heart;
(The God forewarn'd me of the per'l),
He stole your bow and keenest dart;—
You'll know the cheat; he is an earl.—

Swift Cupid flew, with rage and grief,
To lovely Chloe's blest abode;
Sure there to find this arrant thief,
Who boldly dar'd to rob a God.—

His aid, alas! arriv'd too late;
Long ere the wanton God left Heav'n,
(Thus had ordain'd more potent fate),
The cruel deadly wound was giv'n.—

No

No more the bow disturb'd his thought,
 Since Cloe's heaving bosom bled ;
 Th' exulting thief he left unsought,
 And strait to *Hymen's* temple fled.

As thro' the crowd he press'd his way,
 Big tears of sorrow in his eye,
Hymen, e'er pleas'd on *ritual day*,
 Thus bespoke his welcome votr'y.

H. O thou, who rul'st the hearts of man,
 Bring'st them by thousands to my shrine,
 If aught that by *my* power I can,
 I, sure, derive it all from *thine*.

Whate'er now brings thee to my throne,—
 (I listen with obedient ear,)
 Good to reward, or punish wrong,
 Shall be perform'd ;—thy will declare.—

C. I had a charge, O *Hymen* ! fair,
 Fairest indeed of woman kind !

Whose liberty was all my care,
Ne'er with thy pond'rous chain to bind.

A youth, presumptuous, shrewd, and bold,
Has stol'n my arrows and my bow ;
" Cupid's unarm'd", shall it be told ?
Alas ! where is my godhead now ?

The traitor pierc'd my Chloe's heart ;—
(She yields to his seducing tongue ;)
And lo ! 'fore thee, with cunning art,
He offers to repair the wrong !—

But, anxious still for Chloe's bliss,
At thy shrine, great power ! I bow :—
In heav'nly hope the pair dismiss ;
And grant, oh ! grant, their mutual vow !

May ev'ry bliss upon them wait,
That fond endearing love can give ;
And may their passion ne'er abate,
While each can softning joy receive !

Thus

Thus Cupid spake ;—young Hymen bow'd,
 And gave a kind complacent smile !—
 *The little God, exulting loud,
 Joyous return'd to Paphos isle.—

* Variation on the above.

Yet none should of his smiles be proud,
 For Hymen oft is full of guile.—

NORTHERN PASTORAL,

On the Death of the Earl and Countess of
SUTHERLAND.

Address'd to the Reverend Mr. ANDREW KIN-
ROSS, at whose Academy, at Enfield, the late
Earl and the Author of this Pastoral pass'd some
years, very happily, together.

Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea Carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. IX.

THE sun was sunk beneath the * western hill;
Fall'n was the breeze ; the chilling ev'ning,
still ;

Serene the sky ;—like feather'd robin's breast
Red glow'd the west, tho' dusky was the east ;

* The season is supposed to be the Autumnal Equinox ;

But

But he, sweet robin ! and the warbling throng
 Were silent all, and hush'd was ev'ry song †.
 No leaf now rustled on the tallest tree ;
 No fly was seen ; nor heard the humming bee ;
 But still a murmur, from the neighb'ring shore,
 Disturb'd the ear with low-resounding roar ;*
 Tho' calm the wind, the waves yet heav'd on high,
 And, with their foaming, pleas'd the shepherd's
 eye ;
 Their foam alone was to the vision free,
 For hazy twilight blended sky and sea ;
 But, when the sun shone bright upon the tide,
 Blue seem'd the billows from the mountain's side ;
 The azure sky reflected, then, was seen,
 And, as if ice, obscur'd the ocean's green ;

† The robin red-breast, and some few other birds are then heard to warble their evening songs.

* As the most beautiful land skips, in the north, are in the neighbourhood of the sea, the author will be forgiven for giving a peep of it in his pastoral.—

Save on that spot, direct beneath the sun,
Where danc'd the waves with dazling beams o'er-
run.

The buzzing beetle, wing'd now with his shield,
Through dewy vapour, skim'd along the field;
And here and there, regardless of his flight,
Or giddy grown, or dim'd by speed, his sight,
His body struck, and stopt his swift career
Against the horse, who shook his tickled ear;
And, fretting, stamp'd; then, snorting, show'd
his fear;

Or 'gainst the sheep, disturbing thus his rest,
As, on his fleece, he, soft-reclining press'd;
The frightn'd sheep starts up, with hasty bound;
His wak'ning mates, all wond'ring, rose around;
Then as a host, with dastard panick struck,
Within the * fold ran, scar'd, the num'rous flock,

* The folds in the north are large enough to admit of such a race.

The oxen, loosen'd from the clay-shod plough,
 Cropt their green food beside the favour'd cow ;
 The cow, indulg'd, because to man she yields,
 In milky store, the pasture of his fields,
 Was, by *Corinna*, guided to the mead,
 And left to wander where she list to feed :—
 When old *Menalcas*, wearied with the day,
 Sat by his fire, and doz'd the hours away.
 Young *Colin*, wont to practise to his sheep,
 Play'd on his pipe, and lull'd his fire asleep ;
 Whilst fair *Corinna* deck'd the scanty board,
 And spread such fare as cottagers afford ;
 Then, all impatient, from the neighb'ring town,
 Awaits gay *Damon* with her new-made gown.
 But good *Menalcas*, in his ancient chair,
 Repos'd not long his mind from worldly care ;
 For soon he started in his sleep, and cried,
 With voice of horror :—“ See ! how swift they
 glide,

“ Pale

“Pale spectres, both!—ah! trace them as they
fly;”

With that he breath’d, and gave a deep-heav’d
sigh.

Colin, appall’d, his pipe dropt on the floor,
Then ghastly star’d, and shun’d the half-shut door.
The scar’d *Corinna*, trembling, totter’d near,
And sought, in light, a vain relief from fear.

Menalcas woke:

MENALCAS.

My children, did you see
Two spectres pass?—but, fool! it cannot be;
It was a vision fear’d me, in my dream;
And what I thought I *saw*, did only *seem*.

COLIN.

Nought have we seen; but grant, ye pow’rs, who
know,

No ills may fill our father’s house with woe;
For when, last night, I led my sheep to fold,
Stiff stood my dog, as chill’d with frost and cold;
I call’d

I call'd him to me ;—foreward still he star'd ;
 Stopt was my flock, and seem'd at something
 scar'd ;

I gaz'd around ; but nothing did I see ;
 And know not, to this hour, what could it be.

CORINNA.

O father ! hear what I have to relate ;
 My blood ran cold at what I saw of late ;
 I told it not ; 'cause, when of ghosts I speak,
 You gravely chide me, for a mind so weak :
 As, late last night, I left our neighbour's door,
 And cross'd the yard * thick-stock'd with all your
 store,

Pale shone the moon, and awful ! to my sight
 Expos'd a figure, or a stalking spright ;
 I stood aghast ; when, lo ! another came,
 In white apparell'd, and in shape, the same ;

* The monopolizing of farms being not yet so general in the North-Country, as it is in the South, it is no uncommon thing, in Scotland, to see a cottager possess'd of a very comfortable farm-yard.

It look'd around ; and, with a wond'ring air,
 A gesture made expressive of despair ;
 It paus'd and listen'd ; sudden, looking back,
 It view'd it's mate turn round the wheaten stack ;
 But, e'er it's mate slow-glided from my sight,
 It stop'd and beckon'd to its sister spright ;
 With solemn step the second follow'd near,
 And wrung it's hands and wip'd a falling tear.—
 Ha ! *Damon* comes ; my brother, welcome home ;
 But why so sad ? and why that dismal gloom ?
 Why on that front, so smooth of late ! a frown ?
 Is *pie-ball* dead ?—or have you lost my gown ?

D A M O N.

Alas ! my sister, what I have to mourn
 Exceeds all losses you or I have borne ;
 The cause of sorrow, which you read so well,
 Exceeds your guess ; exceeds my pow'rs to tell ;—
 The high and low, of ev'ry rank, in town,
 Their death deplore, and mourn with looks cast-
 down :—

Our

Our chieftain's dead ;—but, first, his gentle mate
Fled to the skies, resolv'd to share his fate.

CORINNA.

Fidelia dead ! my lov'd, my honour'd friend !
Then, farewell peace ;—contentment's at an end.
My *friend* she was : she gave me e'er that name,
As to our cot, with gifts, she daily came ;
Yet not with these *Corinna's* love she won ;
With female counsels, with her smiles alone.
When oft, at eve, I fed my feather'd flock,
She by me sat and held her little *stock* ;
Reprov'd him, gently, if he dar'd to bark ;
Each rarest chicken, by it's curious mark,
She told me next ; then, from my wooden bowl
A handful took, to feed her fav'rite fowl ;
Even such small gifts denote a generous soul. }

COLIN.

Fidelia gain'd my rev'rence and esteem ;
So sweet her voice ! so mild her eyes did beam !

She

She sooth'd my musick, when she listen'd near :
 My pipe was louder, and it's notes more clear.
 Then, how she smil'd ! when oft my lambkins
 stray'd,
 And skip'd around her, as they wanton play'd,
 Of her soft step, nor waddling *shock*, afraid.
 But her lov'd lord !—for him a tear must flow ;
 Courage forgives such weakness in our woe ;
 Courage, unmoved, it's own misfortune bears,
 Tho' for a friend it shed some trickling tears.
 Beneath my woe my mind, alas ! must bend :
 I've lost a chieftain, and a noble friend ;
 A second fire ;—he promis'd so to be,
 If you, my father, luckless, died 'fore me.
 When *Constance* led his men to Britain's war,
 I too, tho' young, his standard follow'd far ;
 Peace bless'd our isle ere we had seen a foe ;
 The band dismiss'd,—home tides of shepherds
 flow !

Constance, in friendship, as in judgment, ripe,
 Call'd as I went,—“ Here, *Colin*, take this pipe;
 “ With notes melodious cheer our native shore,
 “ And glad your soul, when I shall be no more.”

D A M O N.

That pledge, dear *Colin*, of our chieftain's love
 Must now your pastime and our comfort prove.
 Sound it aloft, while I forget my grief,
 And in its musick seek a short relief.
 O stun the horrid billows of that shore,
 That sink my spirit with their hollow roar;
 All notes, now sounding in a solemn tone,
 Awake my woe, and move me but to moan;
 That roar was wont to glad our mountain's side,
 But, now, more grateful is the *ebbing* tide;
 When loud the surge in waves came rolling in,
 Large gifts it floated * for our soil so thin;

* The sea-weeds, which the tide throws upon the shore,
 afford the farmers, along the coast, a rich manure for their
 land.

But

But could it halt, and e'er at low-tide roar,
I'd shun the rocks ;—no sea-weed gather more.

MENALCAS †.

Your grief, my children, I, too well, approve ;
Tho' *much* to grieve arraigns the God above ;
Yet, when, in dust, a long-lov'd friend is laid,
By sudden impulse nature's right obey'd,
A tear will start ; the firmest soul will feel ;
Each heart must bleed, that is not hard as steel.
They're gone ; by heav'n's high will they sped ;
Just is that doom by which they, dying, bled.
But dry your tears ; we're not of hope bereft ;
A child they had, an infant they have left ;
That helpless orphan now demands our care,
Demands the love we to each other bear ;
The parents dead, be all the joy we have
To save the daughter from a greedy grave ;

† The critics will be pleased to remember that these are Presbyterian shepherds, and consequently they may be allowed to moralize a little.

Our past regard, for them, we best shall prove,
Their infant tending with our fondest love.

Corinna! you, (for now the winds blow cold,)
Shall work a cloak, her tender limbs t'infold;
With flowing stream, from fullest udder prest
Of fav'rite ewe, supply the mother's breast;
Soon as, with shouts and far-resounding horn,
The jolly huntsmen hail the ruddy morn,
(Your daily gift supporting on your head,)
With cautious step to yonder city tread.

And you, my sons! each day you trudge to
town,

Soft lamb-wool carry; (healthier far than down!)
Be that her bed, with that her cradle line;
A healthful bed exceeds a golden mine.—

Cull too, at morn, the wholesome herbs, that
grow

Where feeds your flock upon the mountain's
brow;

F

You'll

You'll next, with these, a pleasant liquor brew,
 And give our ward to sip,— * instead of rue.—
 Be mine the task, as at the hearth I sit,
 The softest mittens, for her arms, to knit † ;
 Or, if you'll strip some willow-twigs, with care,
 I'll work a cradle and a wicker-chair.—
 Pleas'd with the thought, the old man gave a
 bound,
 And with his staff, transported, struck the ground ;
 With that he cheer'd his children to their meal ;
 Then kneel'd to God to bless the common-weal,
 To bless the orphan, and their board to bless ;
 And pray'd t'avert, in grief or joy, excess.

* Some nurses are very fond of giving their children rue, supposing that it will destroy the worms ; but as, in reality, it has no such effect, (so far, at least, as can be perceived by putting a worm into some juice of rue) ; the author would fain recommend something more palatable to be given to the little-ones ; that their features may not become distorted, by their being taught so early to make wry-faces.

† Knitting is a common employment among the shepherds in Scotland.

VERSES

V E R S E S

From R—— A——, Esq. accompanying
the Notes of a new Minuet.

WITHOUT the knowledge of one note,
I copied o'er this tune by rote,
And puzzled hard to mark each dot.

But all my labour is well meant :
To please my friend is my intent,
And pass a leisure hour in Kent.

If from a hand, not over skill'd,
My soul was all with rapture fill'd ;
Had *H*— but play'd, each nerve had thrill'd.

Such extasy your friends expect ;
Nor tarry long, lest they suspect
The cheering fidler of neglect.—

Let Stanley's notes have justice now ;
 Inspire them with your easy bow ;
 And your superior talents show :

Then shall each nymph, with love inspir'd,
 Admire that art, which first fair —— fir'd,
 Confess *her* taste divine, who thus young ——
 admir'd.

My

My ANSWER to the above.

IN cool retreat of willow-hall,
 I fit me down to write this scrawl,
 To thank thee kindly for thy call.

Hast thou one hour, thy wand'ring mind,
 To think on worthless *me* confin'd?
 I own indeed, 'twas wond'rous kind.

An hour!—I should n't say; one moment
 Is all the time thou, sure, hast spent
 To write me news from distant Kent.

I wish, dear Bob, I had thy wit;
 (But 'tis denied to muddy cit,)
 My verse would then be easier writ.

My muse, half-choak'd with dust of compter,
 Does want indeed an able prompter;
 Thou lendst a hand, on back to thump her.—

'Twas friendly done ;—the bone's now out,
That stuck within her throat so stout ;
But yet, alas !—she cannot *spout*.

More us'd to Hudibrastic tales,
Her voice, in verse heroic, fails ;
* And aukward doggrel e'er prevails ;

In gratitude for unearn'd praise,
I've nought to give but humble lays ;
No ; not one single sprig of bays.

For Stanley's notes, so heav'nly sweet,
Making two scrapes with both my feet,
I'll kiss thy hand, first time we meet.—

* After the above candid confession, the Editor will make no other excuse for the rough, rumbling verse of the following Piece, than that it was written abroad when the Author was very young, and had scarcely read one English poet.

RETIRE-

R E T I R E M E N T.

A T A L E.

WHERE, roaring hoarse, the briny torrent's swell'd,

On Forth's rough banks, a rural sage there dwell'd;

High to the view, upon a verdant slope,

A house he built, and call'd it *Seat of Hope*.

A garden, fraught with ev'ry scented flow'r,

Shaded by groves, adorned with a bow'r,

(A heav'nly view !) surrounding his retreat,

Vied with the lawns and vistas of the great.—

With joy he saw, the sprouting plants around ;

The pines and oaks high waving o'er the ground,

(By him first planted, with industrious toil

And knowing hand,)—protect th' adjacent soil.

As when we see, in lonely quiet shed,

A brooding swallow, from her clay-form'd bed,

Thrust out her little head, and seem secure
 From all the ills that wood-land birds endure ;
 Like peace our sage in his retirement found ;
 Smiling contented, as he look'd around :
 Here let me rest, he said, from care and strife,
 And reap the pleasures of domestic life ;
 Free from ambition, vanity, and pride,
 Let me in calm obscurity reside ;—
 Teach me, ye power's ! those errors e'er to shun,
 In which the proud and avaricious run ;
 And as I trust, this life in peace to end,
 To Heav'n, o'er death triumphant, to ascend,
 Let me to stormy passions ne'er give scope ;
 Be this my dwelling, and my *Seat of Hope* !
 The gods, propitious to his humble pray'r,
 Henceforth his days indulgent make their care ;
 His spouse tho' dead, as poets mournful write,
 A beauteous offspring flourish'd in his sight ;
 He rear'd them up in virtue's awful school,
 And made religion their unerring rule.

Obedient

Obedient to his precepts they attend ;
 They lov'd him as a father and a friend :
 As years advanc'd their fondness still encreas'd ;
 Their fire was happy when he saw them pleas'd.
 Nor to his children was his love confin'd ;
 Benign he smil'd on all the human kind :
 No weary'd traveller pass'd our sage's gate ;
 His door presented e'er a welcome seat :
 The poor, refresh'd, pursued the short'ning miles,
 With thankful voice, and face of grateful smiles ;
 The rich, assur'd of healthful rustic cheer,
 Where ne'er did pomp or luxury appear,
 The house familiär enter'd, and were serv'd
 With kindly meats, for their repast reserv'd.—
 He heal'd the sick, the indigent reliev'd ;
 Nor helpless orphan, poor, unaided griev'd.
 To rear his offspring, to relieve the poor,
 His friends to treat, requir'd a miser's store ;
 This ponder'd well and in his mind resolv'd,
 T' abridge expence henceforward he resolv'd.

John

John was dismiss'd, as eke an ambling steed ;
 And on the green two useful kine were fed :
 But one plain dish his tables next afford,
 Tho' still a friend was welcom'd to his board ;
 And when a friend appear'd most welcome there,
 Kindness alone adorn'd the frugal fare.—

The cup, replete with mental-clouding ale,
 Th' intemperate bowl, and rich seducing meal,
 He scorn'd to share, nor would his hours delay
 With those, who waste in festive mirth the day ;
 Nor, courtly-minded sought he their regard,
 By frequent visit, complimentary card ;—
 Or sumptuous board, that wastes the bounteous
 store,

Design'd by Heav'n to feed the hungry poor.
 By neighb'ring swains his undesign'd neglect
 Was falsely call'd, the want of due respect ;
 His love of calm retreat,— a mark of pride ;
 Retirement serv'd his nothingness to hide ;

“ While

" While he, proud fool, they said, exalts his
 " head,
 " Contemning us, he thinks he's nobler made ;
 " And, like great Cæsar, whom ambition hurl'd
 " With hostile sword t' o'er-run the ancient world,
 " Than *second*, rather, in imperial Rome,
 " The *first* would be in abject peasant's home.
 " With head erect, and looks that mark disdain,
 " Thus, too, the stag oft treads the yielded plain ;
 " By force superior awes his herded mates,
 " As lust his fury and his pride creates ;
 " But vain his pride ;—soon impotence appears ;
 " Crest-fall'n his neck !—dispell'd, his comrade's
 " fears !—
 " 'Tis lust of pow'r inspires our haughty friend :
 " Give him but pow'r, and he'll, then, conde-
 " scend ;
 " But *that* now wanting, our respect he craves
 " By shy reserve ; but we're not born his slaves.

" His

" His children's care, was cruel and austere ;
 " His precepts rigid, and reproof severe ;
 " The poor's relief with open shew was stain'd ;
 " Unheard the voice that *privately* complain'd."
 Thus slander's mouth, which cank'rous envy feeds,
 Mishap'd his thoughts, and blacken'd all his deeds.
 No name so fair but slander will defame ;
 No man so good but she can bring to shame.
 Hence learn, ye great ! of slander stand in awe,
 And from my tale, this certain maxim draw :
 Who hearkens solely to the will supreme,
 And courts not, too, frail mortal man's esteem ;
 In vain does hope to live, with honour, die ;
 As shall his bones, his deeds, deem'd rotten, lie.

Writ-

Written extempore in a Book call'd the ENGLISH CONNOISSEUR, on finding it lying on a Chair between a Lady's Cloak and Apron.

Stamford July 25, 1766.

BETWEEN an apron and a cloak,
The Connoisseur I find;

By all that's good!—I like the joke;

For, *such* it seems design'd. —

Lift but the apron and the cloak,

('Neath which defects might dwell,)

A *Venus's* beauties, at one stroke,

The Connoisseur can tell. —

On

On the Report of the D. of G——'s new
House being fallen down.

Young MERLIN's Prophecy.

“ **B**EWARE ! My proverb saith, to bring
“ Old house about your ears.”

If *that* be thought a dangerous thing,

What must now be our fears ?

Our statesman's house is tumbled down,

A house both grand and new ;

This sure portends to Britain's c——

Some mischief that will brew.

Our C——l——n——'s, suppose, its wall

But late and newly founded ;

Which, with oppression, soon may fall,

With hard blows beat and pounded.

The

The fabrick of our empire, then,
 Will tumble to the ground ;
 And lost shall be fair freedom's train
 In one disastrous mound.

Trade, commerce, friendship, which did dwell,
 Did prosper, and did thrive
 Within the beauteous walls that fell,
 Interr'd shall be alive.

But from the ruins shall step forth
 (Forms awful to the eye ;)
 The *rights of man* ;—resolv'd, on earth,
 To free themselves, or die.

CON-

CONTENTMENT

WITHIN THE COMMON REACH ;

In a familiar Epistle to the reverend Mr. B. S. of
Rotterdam.

O mille volte fortunato, e mille,
Chi fa por meta a' suoi pensieri in tanto,
Che per vana speranza immoderata
Di moderato Ben no perde il frutto ;

Il Pastor Fido.

TO your droll exposition of so droll a text,
My worthy good sir, with my thanks there
annex'd,

I'd fain write an answer ; but how to begin

Much puzzles a pate, that I own is not thin.—

Yet, strange ! that a head or a scull should be
thick,

Or thoughts move so slow, of a body that's quick ;

A body,

A body, with labour and study so lean !
 Withal of so squalid and meagre a mein,
 You'd swear it had served the Nine Sisters round
 At a trade, where spirits and strength must abound.
 But this supposition we'll not grant so easy ;
 I've one Muse at home, 'tis said, keeps me quite
 busy ;

Whose favours appear in plain signs, more con-
 vincing

Than fanciful verse, Muse's love ever mincing :
 My three blooming boys are good proofs of the
 might,

If not of her *love*, then, at least, of her *spight* ;

Which, oft in this world, is esteemed the same,

If one gets but th' favour one asks of a dame.—

Since I've mention'd the lads, and th' wea-
 ther's so bad,

I'm forced to write, to prevent being sad,

I'll give a description will make your heart glad.]

G

When

When, daub'd and bespatter'd with mud and with
mire

In riding from town to my own country fire,
I enter the house, (in like dirty condition
As was fatty *Slop*, the Shande'an physician,
When he fell from's poney, with projectile force,
At terrible sight of *Ob'diah's* coach-horse)—
My two stoutest lads, with a thundering din,
Come galloping to me, to welcome me in.—

In each hand a pratler, I march to the parlour ;
There madam sits suckling her dear little snarler ;
The youngest, I mean, who's got snuffling his
nose,

Where I my dull head would, most gladly, repose.
Tho' dirty I look'd as the doctor 'fore said,
Pray let not the simile farther be read ;
For, in grandeur, I seem'd as the arms of this land,
That 'twixt two supporters, illuster'd, do stand :
A fierce noble lyon, and's unicorn mate,
Prancing proudly erect, attend them in state.

A kind

A kind kiss having had, (sweet welcome to home !)
 I forthwith begin to disorder the room.
 I pull off my boots ;—not such boots as sly Trim,
 To please uncle Toby, in humorous whim,
 Converted to mortars ;—but *such* as he might
 Make field-pieces of,—full as dread in a fight.
 Yet not *such* as Hudibras stuff'd bread and cheese in,
 The rats and the mice, with good scent so well
 pleasing,
 That oft they their noses attempted to squeeze in ;
 But, not with comparisons longer to tire,
 These boots, as they are, I set up at the fire.
 Quick, arch-looking John pops the dog into one,
 As the dwarf thrust Gulliver into the bone ;
 And Charles, who is ever as keen at a joke,
 With matter combustible makes t'other smoke.
 Having, farther, my furtout thrown down on a
 chair,
 And haul'd out my thick shoes from under the
 stair,

I'm challeng'd by madam, to walk out and play
 With the *sweet little cupids*, while yet it is day.
 Then out we all sally with loud shouting noise
 And joyful acclaim, from the two elder boys ;—
 With her suckling dear Mary trips lightly along ;
 Leads smiling the van, as she hums us a song.
 Next follows the kitten, pursued by the dog
 (For teasing poor kitten there's ne'er such a rogue)
She squaling and mewing, *he* barking, before us,
 Assist, in our musick, to fill up the chorus.
 But how you would laugh, to behold, in the rear,
 The scene we exhibit,—(a scene the most queer !)
 In Holland, I doubt not, with wonder you've seen,
 Trail'd on by one nag, needy doctor's machine ;
 A carriage have we, more œconom'cal still,
 That runs without horse, and that has but one wheel ;
 With pompous big phrase I e'er scorn'd to beguile,
 A *barrow* 'tis called in plain vulgar style ;
 In which having stowed my two shouting boys,
 And fill'd up the bottom with hay and with toys,
 I put

I put to my hand, and, on wheeling the barrow,
Cry,—“ who’ll buy my puddings? nice puddings
of marrow !”

As the children then laugh, I surely am pleas’d ;
Thus see, by how little from care I am eas’d ;
Hence learn to contain, in a space full as narrow,
And carry your wishes all-in a *wheel-barrow*.

London March 2 1767.

ANSWER to the above.

SO dear, fir, you've drawn, in poetical chime,
 A bill of exchange, to be paid off in rhyme.
 Permit me to tell you, I think you were rash
 To take it for granted I'm always in cash ;
 You can risk (I assure you without any jest,)
 Of having your bill sent you back with protest ;
 And thus, notwithstanding you're ready and clever,
 Of being quite broke as a poet for ever.
 And had I not bustled the three days of grace *,
 Indeed, my dear friend, this had been your sad
 case ;
 For oath I could make, on my cloak and my band,
 That of your's I had no effects then in hand ;

* Those are three days allowed to the person on whom a bill is drawn, to put off the payment in case he thinks proper. They are seldom demanded in Holland ; but here, custom has included them in the time a bill is due.

Yet

Yet your muse having lov'd, from the first time I
 saw her,

I have honour'd your draught for the sake of the
 drawer.

But, e'er I could do it, was forc'd to my sorrow,
 To practise all honest endeavours to borrow :

I waited on Phœbus, and beg'd him to serve a
 Good turn for my friend, and applied to Minerva ;
 But *he*, like a churlish and niggardly whelp,

And *madam*, forsooth ! would not lend any help :
 Upon which in their presence, I put my broad hat
 on,

And bade them kiss what I last Saturday sat on.—

My mercantile friends, who in wealth far sur-
 pass us,

Could not help me, for they've no cash of Par-
 nassus ;

Except good Mr. Twiss, who gave me a rub,
 For he told me all *his* was reserv'd for the club,

'Twould scarce have surpriz'd me much more, I
declare,

Than your domestic grouse ;--eh ! what has he there?
Here's a mortal, whose shoulders and back's very
narrow,

With shanks like two spindles, a-wheeling a bar-
row ;

In which are two brats, who seem making a noise,
But whether two girls, or a couple of boys
('Tis hard to determine), or one of each sort.

To've seen my suspense would have yielded you
sport ;

On th' back-ground, a female, (a rare bouncing
fat one !)

A babe in her arms, and an odd-fashion'd hat on ;
Man and wife too, unless I'm grossly mistaken ;
If so, they remind me of nice Hampshire bacon,
Of which, (as in Thames-street may daily be seen,)
She looks like the fat part, and *he* like the lean ;

Which

Which cleave to each other, so clever and pat !

He bites at the lean who would taste of the fat.

There's something that looks like the side of a
house,

And two running things, like a rat and a mouse ;

For, may I with itch of verse-making be smitten,

If e'er I could guess 'twas a dog and a kitten ;

But your com'cal lines, I read over just after,

Explain'd the whole scene, and afforded much
laughter.—

And now, Sir, you must not interpret my scene ill,

If I criticize some of these fruits of your pencil.

I must tell you, your drawing is awkward and
cloudy;

With respect to your lady,—you've made her a
dowdy.

For tho' seen as she *is*, she resembles a goddess ;

In your piece she exhibits a figure that odd is,

And looks like plain Joan, in a jacket and
boddice.

How-

Howe'er, I must own, you queer ludricous elf!
 You've not serv'd her worse than you've served
 yourself;

For, by your droll pencil pourtray'd, your sweet
 figure

Is so lank, and bony, consumptive and meagre,
 That, your posture consider'd, it puts me in mind
 Of those who cry,—“ Scissars, knives, razors to
 “ grind !”

And of some, too, I've seen at fam'd *Bergen op*
Zoom,

Whom the laws to a chain and a wheel-barrow
 doom ;

Who lab'ring, like slaves 'mongst the Moors and
 the Turks,

Are oblig'd to repair the decay of the works.—

The children are passably done,—I grant *that*;

But I'll write the names under the dog and the cat.

In your pleasures domestic with rapture I share :

Your description's so lively, I fancy I'm there.

Me-

Methinks I now see you on Barnet high road
 A trotting, thro' Highgate, t' your Finchley abode.
 You alight at th' gate and the grafs-plat run over,
 Where madam receives you, as *Venus* her lover ;
 While you, (as I'd certainly do, where she mine,)
 The lover and husband incessantly join :
 I likewise behold you, just after you're come in,
 Like a flov'n as husbands are, say the good women ;
 Throw your furtout and whip, your hat, here and
 there,
 On the ground, or the window, a fopha, or chair ;
 While your two rosy Cupids shout, caper, and
 laugh,
 And play monkey tricks with the boots you pull off :
 Attending you thence, I partake of your joys,
 While 'long the sweet garden you're wheeling your
 boys ;
 The mirthful proceffion, in fancy, I follow,
 And hear you cry "Puddings!" while both the lads
 hollo.

Such

Such domestic sweet scenes I'd rather behold,
 Then courtiers bedizen'd with jewels and gold,
 When in throngs to th' drawing-room pomp they
 repair,
 And are forc'd to caress those that they hate and
 they fear.

In pleasures domestic, contentment is known
 In higher degrees than is felt on a throne ;
 But that rage of politeness, (true wisdom deploras,)
 Has driven content out of most people's doors ;
 And wives, and their husbands, and sister, and
 brother
 Seem ashamed of, and oft look strange at each
 other.

The *many*, abroad, for sought happiness roam,
You, wiser and worthier, find it at home ;
 There long may you find and enjoy it unceasing,
 Years, uninterrupted and ever encreasing !
 It's time that, in brief, I tell you how I
 Pass th' moments, that over me rapidly fly.

My

My studies and friendships divide all my time ;
 And sometimes I write, as I now do, a rhyme :
 For want of a method of converse that's better,
 I chat with my friends, at a distance, by letter ;
 Nor riches, nor poverty, fall to my lot ;
 I'm fix'd, by kind Providence, just on that spot
 Where wise men affirm there's most freedom
 from ills ;
 Nor fear I disturbance from losses and bills.
 But my mind is serene, my fancy quite gay ;
 And soft glide my hours away, day after day.
 Yet were my vows granted, I'd choose to reside
 In Britain's dear island, to which I'm allied :
 But since that's not probable, now 'tis my plan
 To be here as content as I possibly can ;
 For this is a maxim, I'll ever embrace :
 Our *bliss* depends more on our *temper* than *place*.

Rotterdam,
 March 27, 1767.

B. S.

BEHOLD the Uncertainty of earthly Happiness ! Not six Weeks after the Date of the foregoing Letter, our third Friend was attacked with a malignant and desperate Disease ; which, in a short time, brought her to the Grave.

HER EPITAPH.

THOU' low in earth, her beauteous form decay'd,

My faithful wife, my lov'd Maria's laid,

In sad remembrance the afflicted raise

No pompous tomb, inscribed with venal praise ;

To states-men, warriors, and to kings belong

The trophied sculpture, and the poet's song ;

And these the proud, expiring, often claim,

Their wealth bequeathing to record their name :

But humble virtue, stealing to the dust,

Heeds not our lays, or monumental bust.

To

To name her virtues ill befits my grief ;
 What *was* my blifs can *now* give no relief ;
 A *husband* mourns ;—the reft let friendship tell ;
 Fame ! spread her worth ;— A *husband* knew it
 well.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON THE

Death of a favourite Turtle-dove.

BE hush'd, ye winds ! ye billows ! cease to
roar ;

Ye white-crown'd lillies ! droop your gaudy
heads ;
And all ye flowers ! that bloom on Forth's sad shore ;
For fair Eliza mourns her turtle dead.

O ! Julia ! Julia ! lovely Julia ! hear ;

“ Hear the known sound of thy Eliza's voice ;

“ Come, pick thy meal ;—thy little bill draw
“ near ;

“ Swell thy full crest, with flutt'ring wing re-
joice.

“ Where art thou ? trifler !—soft-plum'd fav'rite !

“ where ?

“ Why tarry thus at fond Eliza's call ?

H

“ At

“ At first-pip’d note thou us’d ere now, t’appear ;

“ Fly to my arm, or on my bosom fall.

“ Alas ! what sight ! my Julia dead and cold !

“ What hand prophane hath done that mur-

“ d’rous deed ?

“ Oh ! no !—no villain harden’d, fierce, or bold,

“ In wanton malice could make Julia bleed.

“ ’Twas *nature* dragg’d her to the shades of

“ death,

“ In spite of constancy, in spite of love ;

“ No chaste desires could here prolong her

“ breath,

“ Nor life as pure as angels boast above.

“ Ye infants ! weep ;—ye spotless virgins !

“ mourn,

“ Of what avail your innocence, your worth !

“ Since soon, too soon, you must to dust return ;

“ Virtue insures no residence on earth.

“ Yet

“ Yet, in a heav’nly and immortal state,

“ A sure reward awaits your virtuous deeds ;

“ That hope is *your’s*, tho’ short should be your

“ date ;

“ But where the comfort when my Julia bleeds ?”

THE OLD POND.

A piece of Water on Enfield Chace, whither
the Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood used
frequently to repair, and amuse themselves
in Parties of Angling.

THERE was a cot, rough-built and thatch'd ;
It's walls, with mud and plaister patch'd,
Were with rotten rails surrounded,
That with currant trees abounded ;
I'th' middle of it's court, or yard,
(Where nought but grunting hogs was heard,)
A little pond for ducks to swim in,
Or for *dish*, or dish-clout cleaning ;
It's garden stock'd with pease and beans,
Cabbage, sprouts, and such like greens ;—
And whereto all this preparation ?
But for queen Befs's habitation :—
For sometimes, here, (old record says,)
She us'd to keep her hollidays ;

To

To eat cream, butter-milk, and curds,
 And what the country else affords ;
 With dogs and deer to keep up pace,
 While hunting upon Enfield Chace ;
 And gudgeons, trout, and pike, oft took
 With wily net or treach'rous hook ;
 Hard by this house, or cot, 'forefaid,
 Some neigh'bring friends a visit paid
 To goody Pratewell, ancient dame,
 Whom ev'ry Christian knows by name ;
 No mention, therefore, shall be made
 Of the rare qualities she had ;
 Or once had ; for, she being old,
 They couldn't as present gifts be told.
 All things in nature, that we hear,
 While years advance, grow worse for wear ;
 And as cook-maid can hardly tell
 (Altho', when new, she knew it well,)

Whether of brass, old footy kettle
 Can now be call'd, or copper metal ;

So, cease to shine, (full oft we find,)
 In youthful vigour of the mind
 Our mortal frames, as they grow old;
 Unknown their pristine shape and mold.
 Some conversation having past,
 Wherein all tongues ran pretty fast;
 Brave captain Trunion, whose thoughts roll
 More on his body than his soul,
 Preferring always meat and drink,
 (Whatever you could say or think,)
 To speaking, reading, or to writing;
 Or yet what else meek souls delight in,—
 Huge mind having to enjoy food,
 Under shade of neighbouring wood,
 Now laid fast hold of this occasion,
 Thus to propose cool recreation.
 Quoth he, Good gentlemen and ladies!
 This, (hem!) methinks a charming day is;
 Would now the weather hold out fair,
 (And 'troth it will, if I see clear,)

I have

I have a scheme for your diversion ;
 You'll sure not hear it with aversion :—
 In Enfield Chace, not far from hence,
 (Where you may go't your convenience)
 There is a pond, well-known to fame,
 That authors *Old Pond* hight by name ;
 Thither, to morrow, let's repair,
 Pockets well stock'd with country fare ;
 That while some rather choose to fish,
 Others may feast upon a dish
 Of cold mutton, ham, or chicken,
 Or such food, they bring to pick on.
 Thus having spoke, he strok'd his beard ;
 The rest with dumb-struck wonder star'd,
 Surpris'd, this pleasing thought ere now
 Had ne'er yet come into *their* brow ;
 All gave consent ;—but next 'twas fit,
 To fix the hour and place to meet ;
 Which done,—the dames down stairs were handed,
 And, to a foul, the troop disbanded.

In comic and in tragic tale,
 When authors their wild thoughts reveal,
 From post they lead you on to pillar,
 Or leap from garret into cellar :
 This goodlike custom I shall follow ;
 Tho' example taking is below,
 And does not well become, *true* author ;
 But thereabout we'll make no pother.—
 The scene now drawn ;—without preamble,
 Please to the Chace to take a ramble.
 Imagine to yourself a pond,
 That, now some hundred paces round,
 Was formerly but like a gutter,
 For mudding, than for fishing, fitter ;
 With pains most indefatigable,
 (Which oft makes all things practicable,)
 Some worthy busy men of old,
 By heaping stones on stones, untold,
 Then mud on mud, and trunks of trees,
 Just working like a swarm of bees,

Did

Did make at length a bank of force,
 On either side of water's course ;
 Which flood and rains kept up at pleasure,
 In greater or in lesser measure:
 This long recital makes you stare ;
 But hence the cause that pond was there,
 Above this pond on either side,
 (Did'st ever see the banks of Clyde ?
 If here, perchance, thou answer'st yes,
 Thou canst then form of these a guess ;)
 Great lofty clubs of trees are seen,
 Thick scatter'd on the rising green :
 Here stands an oak, and there another ;
 A tall elm, nodding at his brother ;
 Hard by a thorn, of bushy growth ;
 Annex'd, an aged crab shoots forth.
 Around, in shade, grow here beneath,
 Primroses, nettles, fern, and heath ;
 Which serv'd for carpet, or for cushion,
 Or for cloth their meat to dish on ;—

But

But now 'tis fit to say what meat,
 Our gentry, with them, brought to eat;—
 For, angling;—*that* was but a name,
 Which Trunion gave to deck his scheme;
 No more thought on, now, nor mentioned,
 Perhaps some did not like the stench on't;—
 'Tis like;—for to some's smelling sense
 Mere scent of fish doth give offence;
 But since 'tis held for worse than treason,
 For *women's* sense to give a reason;
 We'll thereon farther not discuss;
 For, females, here, were *satis plus*;
 That is to say:—more than sufficient
 To prove all arguments deficient.—
 First march'd bold Trunion, the projector
 Of this lov'd scheme, and wise director;
 Pockets well stuff'd, and heavy loaden,
 With buttock beef, and cold plumb-pudden,
 Which now he spread upon the carpet;
 Yet, had he, too, an eye to sharp at

Those

Those victuals, which the rest did furnish,
 Wherewith he meant his paunch to garnish.
 Next, with slow, grave, and steady pace,
 Arriv'd brave major Boniface,
 Loaden with onions and with lettuce,
 Which from his garden he got gratis ;
 Oil, mustard, vinegar, and salt,
 Those, he left to bring, who find fault
 With good plain English simple diet,
 Making their stomach a hog's sty o't ;
 But what is better far than mustard,
 Stock'd with nice apple-pie and custard,
 (That fails not to make stomach come,)
 From yon mount appear'd Jack Condram,
 Who musing deep on rhymes and metre,
 (As what would chime to Paul or Peter,)
 Regarding little where he slept,
 Over a trunk of tree did trip ;
 Down came custard ;—a sad preface
 Of farther pitiful disgrace ;

For

For Jack himself came tumbling after,
 Nor could hard fall prove ever softer ;
 His phiz was buried in the medly
 Of milk and eggs, that smell'd but badly ;
 And, when got up to look about,
 He wore the tart upon his snout ;
 Custard, by tart, we mean to say,
 For apple-pie escap'd harm's way ;
 Having, to John's sweet consolation,
 Eschew'd soft custard's desolation.—
 Then next, with sugar and with rum,
 Good doctor Slop came tott'ring on,
 Therewith to compound staunch good liquor
 (Most proper store for paunch of vicar !)
 As when pale songster means t'hold forth,
 Oft dines, instead of meat,—on broth ;
 So priests when they must say a pray'r,
 Or sermon, in monastic chair,
 Their drowsy spirits for to keep up,
 And eke to guard against the hick-up,

Like-

Likewise, at meals, take something liquid,
 Left sound discourse become insipid.—
 Sure you would deem that man a glutton
 Who, to one meal, eat leg of mutton;
 With quantum sufficit of greens,
 Of carrots, turnips, pease, or beans?
 Yet Thomy Stuffwell, let me tell ye,
 Possess'd not quite so great a belly;
 For tho' brought he with him two gigots,
 One for himself and one for my guts,
 It was not half what he *could* eat;
 We style him, therefore, temperate.—
 The dames we mean not to enum'rate;
 Suffice, each man there had his mate;—
 Besides, 'tis dangerous some quote,
 To sport with characters of note;
 Suffice, they came full well provided
 With some few eatables, still needed,
 Ere we complete this sylvan dinner;
 Such as on feast-days crams the finner,

As

As figs, sugar-plumbs, and biscuits,
 Raisins, prunes, and other dry fruits ;—
 Then *Eau de la Reine*, in abundance,
 (Most sweet perfume, when ye have done dance !)
 And also, (to recruit the spirits,)
 Strong aqua-vitæ, whose great merits
 Have oft employ'd man's keen * invention,
 To make thereof most worthy mention.
 Now had our guests their bodies laid
 Upon the turf, instead of bed ;
 And after the plain ancient mode,
 Lying, their victuals inward stow'd ;
 While thus assembled on the ground,
 Throughout the wood a murm'ring sound
 Was heard afar,—which still drew nearer
 And louder, to th' affrighted hearer :—
 Each look'd aghast, and could not tell
 Whether he then was sick or well ;—

* In many late elaborate discourses on distillery.

Some said, 'twas owls among the trees ;
 Others, a swarm of wand'ring bees ;
 A third, with reasons, would discuss,
 It was 'squire Huntwell, chasing puffs ;
 They had no time for recollection,
 Nor yet for use of wise reflection ;—
 Bounce, from the grove, a bloody hound
 Came galloping along the ground ;
 One of the Esquire's famous pack,
 (The rest soon follow'd at his back ;)
Fowler, a most sagacious beast,
 As ever after hare made haste ;
 But tho' he lik'd the smell of mawkin,
 He still prefer'd the taste of bacon ;
 Where e'er his nose did get the scent,
 Thither his course he quickly bent ;
 Which scent he meant to try if true,
 For now he had his prey in view.
 He little ceremony made,
 Nor did he stay 'till grace was said ;

But

But, hastily, did fall to work
 Upon the greasy leg of pork ;
 And gave right proof that by relation
 He was not of an eastern nation.
 Yet *Fowler* might have met resistance
 Had not there come to his assistance,
Trueman, the brave, of willing mouth
 At breaking bones, or sipping broth ;
 Two puddings, at as many bites,
 He then devour'd,—as you would mites ;
 And was about to end his meal
 Upon a fillet of cold veal ;
 (For veal and bacon were both there,
 Altho' not nam'd in bill of fare ;)
 When *Ranter*, *Romeo* and *Ringwood*
 Leapt forth, (swift hounds, of noble blood !)
 And now, what lay before their sight,
 Began to eat, with all their might.—
 In vain did *Trunion*, and the *rest*,
 Against this hostile act, protest ;—

“ From

“ From female tongues, no winning sounds ?”

Amongst a pack of hungry hounds,

What could, alas ! shrill woman's voice ?

Unheard it was in greater noise :

Those sad dogs no respect did pay—

To what the ladies here could say ;

But, fluster'd with success, and proud,

Call'd to their jolly mates aloud,

Most chearfully to let them share

In this uncommon welcome fare.

There needed little words about it,

For now our guests entirely routed,

Their victuals peaceably did yield,

And left with hasty steps the field.—

No sooner did the pack then come up,

(Too tedious, here, their names to sum up)

Than, as was greatly to be fear'd,

The carpet, in a trice, was clear'd.—

A
DETACHMENT
OF THE
CITY MILITIA*.

Tth' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

Hudibras, Part I. Canto 2.

WITH ruddy morn the glorious day draws
near ;

The less'ning stars, half-twinkling, disappear ;
The red swol'n moon, behold, retiring far,
As dreading now the gathering sound of war ;
While drowsy train-bands, sluggishly, arouse,
And, arm'd, draw up before their chieftain's house.

* This piece was intended to ridicule the motly un-
military appearance of the MEN, and not the MILITIA,
of itself a laudable institution.

The

The drums aloud, with thund'ring blows, resound; }
 With rolling raps the grumbling sticks rebound; }
 And echo, murmuring, returns the sound.

The noise now ceas'd ;—the band, in silence
 wait

Orders to march towards th' Artill'ry gate :
 With big tremendous voice the word is giv'n,
 And the beat drum resounds again to Heav'n.
 Here view them march ;—and, as they pass along,
 Their valiant deeds shall be the muse's song :
 First see the serjeant, Anthony Black-gore,
 As now the chief commander, strut before ;
 This bloody man was long enur'd to wars,
 And wears their awful marks in horrid scars ;
 Now butcher turn'd—his trade almost the same,
 And differs from the former but in name ;
 (For he that, in cool blood, can fight his neigh-
 bour,
 And makes the cut-throat trade his daily labour,

With equal art to slaughter, he is able,
 Good beef or mutton for a lord-mayor's table.)
 None, with like force, could fell huge ox or cow,
 Or scrape and scald, like him, the dirty sow.—
 Next follow three bold heroes, of first rate ;
 The drummer, after, beating a retreat :
 Again, three brave, strangers to dastard fear ;
 And yon thick corporal brings up the rear.
 But first their feats, in order, let us sing ;
 Then may the street, with loud applauses, ring :
 There Smearwell marches—a brave trusty fellow,
 As ever work'd or handled candle tallow !
 His shining shop was e'er renown'd in fame,
 For taper lights, of purest, brightest flame ;
 Firmly he bears the firelock on his shoulder,
 And, though assail'd by palsy,—yet can hold her ;
 Unnumber'd hot gin-quarrels, has he seen,
 And frequent, also, in beer-battles been.
 Behold his tawdry neighbour :—leanly fed ;
 With dangling legs ;—a taylor, by his trade ;

His

(His name, in serjeant's roll, is Martin Ermine;)
 A mortal enemy to filthy vermin :
 When these, with hunger mad, oft vex'd his brain,
 He many thousands in a day has slain ;
 Such dire disasters, oftentimes, proceed,
 From civil broils, among'st a wicked breed ?
 Next, by his garb, John Hollow-tête you'll know,
 With hat, peruke, and coat, as white as snow :
 None equal'd him in all the shaving race ;
 Nor mortal tongue e'er talk'd at such a pace,
 So learn'd he is in news of distant land ;
 And by the touch of his all-curling hand,
 A block-head's pate he can with locks adorn ;
 For well he brandishes his comb of horn.
 See poor Tom Tinker fasten'd to yon drum !
 (Among the learn'd, a great dispute, with some,
 The weightiest which?) beating with mighty blows,
 Under the heavy load he tott'ring goes.
 Wise and experienc'd in the gun-smith's trade !
 O dire to tell, the engines he has made !

Behind those vet'rans next, see stalking go
Three daring warriors, boldly, in a row ;
Great Adrian Black-beard, the grave undertaker,
With Matthew Leather-sole, the grim shoe-
maker,
And Timmy Flowerpot, a powder'd baker.
But their young feats we shall pass by in silence
To sing the hardy deeds of corporal Bylance ;
Who e'er was known of much distinguished mettle,
Mad at the very sound of pot or kettle ;
He, for a marrow-bone, would box or fight,
And even for a beef-steak, lose his fight,
When young ;—but now, to greater feats aspires,
And nought but pudding e'er his bosom fires,
Or good roast-beef, of which he can consume
A smoking buttock, for his meal at noon ;
Rich futtler he, in former days had been,
(No greasy futtler ever was so clean,)
But now, to fatal ruin and perdition,
Of beast and fowl, by natural transition,

Nobly

Nobly he keeps a house for chops and beer,
 Renown'd and famous for such British cheer ;
 The concourse thickens ; in the crowded throng,
 The heroes, from our fight are swept along.

The SAILORS and the STONE IMAGES;
a Parable.

Written in the Spring of the Year 1768.

QUOTH tarr'd *Jack* unto *Tom*, as passing
St. Paul,

They were viewing the * statues plac'd high on
its wall :

“ But six 'postles I see, blast the builder ! he's
“ out.”

Quoth *Tom* : “ the rest sleep ;—watch and
watch, mate ! about.”

My tale has a meaning ;—you'll guess it ;—'tis
short ;

You need but to name our divisions at c—t ;

Sleep *half* of our r-l-rs, as owls in old walls,

The *rest*, they keep watch,—like th' *Apostles* on
Paul's.

* On the north-side of the church, where there are five
statues ; and the one on the corner of the front makes the
sixth apostle in view.

V I R-

VIRGIL's VIIIth ECLOGUE.

Translated by Mr. B. C. SOWDEN.

CHARM'D with the lays of two contending
swains,

The lowing herd forgot to crop the plains ;

The cruel lynxes lost their thirst of blood,

And in new channels stop'd th' astonish'd flood.

First, let us *Damon's* plaintive song unfold ;

Then let *Alphesibæus'* tale be told.

And thou, O *Polio!* deign t'inspire my song,

Whether thou range *Timavus* rocks among,

Or plow the seas, along th' *Illyrian* strand,

Polio! the strength and glory of our land ;

Will the time come, when, in heroic verse,

Thy glorious martial deeds I may rehearse ?

Shall I e'er be permitted to diffuse

The solemn beauties of your tragic muse.

To

To you alone the tragic buskin's due,
 Another *Sophocles* is seen in you.
 With thee commenc'd, shall end my Doric lines :
 O deign t'accept what thy command enjoins,
 And give this humble ivy leave to grow
 Among the laurels that entwine thy brow.

The night her noisome vapours scarce with-
 drew,
 What time the herd delight to sip the dew,
 When *Damon*, 'gainst an olive-tree reclin'd,
 Thus spake the feelings, of his love sick mind.

D A M O N.

Arise O Lucifer ! bring on the day,
 While I, deceiv'd by *Nisa*, pine away ;
 While, dying, I invoke the Gods above ;
 But they, disdainful, frown upon my love.
 Begin with me my pipe, with me complain,
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.

On *Mænalus*' high top are shady groves,
 And thick-leav'd pines, that favour shepherd's loves,

And

And *Pan*, whose piping cheers his fleecy breed,
Pan! who first tun'd to harmony the reed.
 Begin with me my pipe, with me complain,
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.
 What mayn't we lovers hope? Lo *Nisa's* led,
 A willing bride, to *Mopsus'* nuptial bed.
 Let mares and gryphons join some future year;
 The savage dogs shall drink with tim'rous deer.
 Bring lights, and strew the nuts: lo! *Hesper's* ray
 Illumes the deep'ning shades of falling day.
 Begin with me my pipe, with me complain;
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.

Now sure you've found a mate in whom com-
 bin'd

Are all the charms of body or of mind;
 While you despise my rural pipe, my herd,
 My bushy eyebrows, and my shaggy beard,
 And think I call upon the Gods in vain.
 Begin with me my pipe, with me complain,
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.

I saw

I saw you on our grounds, when once you came
 To gather apples—thence I date my flame.
 My age just thirteen years—I scarcely cou'd
 Reach the low branches as I tip-toe stood.
 For you of choicest fruits I rob'd the sprays ;
 How was I lost ! how did I wond'ring gaze !
 How have I stray'd in error's fatal maze !
 Begin with me my pipe, with me complain,
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.

Now cruel *Cupid* art thou known to me ;
 Or horrid *Timarus* or cold *Rodophe*,
 Or *Garamantes*, in some barren place,
 Produc'd thee, alien to the human race.
 Begin with me my pipe, with me complain,
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.

Love taught *Medæa* (execrable deed !)
 With her own hands to make her infants bleed.
 O cruel mother ! to destroy thy race,—
 Wert thou more cruel, or was love more base ?

The

The boy was base, we'll readily allow ;
 Base tho' he was, yet cruel mother thou !
 Begin with me my pipe, with me complain
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.

Now let the savage wolf, possess'd with fear,
 Fly trembling when the harmless sheep draw near ;
 Let golden apples flourish on the oak,
 And daff'dils blossom on the alder's stock :
 Let the low tam'risk precious amber yield,
 And hooting owls contest with swans the field ;
 Let *Tityrus*, like *Orpheus*, sweep the lyre,
 Like him th' astonish'd brutes with awe inspire ;
 Or, like *Arion*, 'midst the rolling sea,
 Charm the huge dolphins with his harmony.
 Begin with me, my pipe, with me complain,
 And sweetly warble the *Mænalian* strain.

Now to vast ocean let all things be chang'd ;
 Adieu ye woods ! where I so oft have rang'd :
 From off this pendent cliff myself I'll throw,
 And headlong plunge into the gulf below.

Con-

Convey these dying words to *Nisa's* ear,
 The pleasing tidings she'll rejoice to hear :
 No more, my tuneful pipe, with me complain,
 Now cease to warble the *Manalian* strain.

We've sung despairing *Damon's* hapless plight,
Alphesiboeus's song we'll next recite ;
 Pierian maids, assist what we've begun :
 T' excel in all things is the lot of none.

A L P H E S I B O E U S .

Bring, bring me water hither ; then around
 These altars be the pliant fillets bound.
 Now unctuous vervain, and male incense burn,
 I'll try my *Daphnis* from his wits to turn.
 Nought to compleat the magic spell remains,
 But tuneful numbers of enchanting strains.
 Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms,
 O bring the rover to my longing arms.
 By charms compel'd, the moon will cease to shine ;
 By charms *Ulysses's* mates were chang'd to swine :

Their

Their wond'rous pow'r e'en nature's laws can break,
 And in the meadows burst th' invenom'd snake.
 Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms,
 O bring the rover to my longing arms.

First these three lifts together I combine,
 Of different hues, and round thine image twine.
 Then round these altars thrice I'll bear my love,
 (Unequal numbers please the pow'rs above ;)
 Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms,
 O bring the rover to my longing arms.

This triple-colour'd thread with three knots join,
 And say, these mystic bands, are, *Venus* ! thine.
 Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms,
 O bring the rover to my longing arms.

As this clay hardens in the smouldring flame,
 And this hard wax is soften'd by the same,
 So harden'd to each nymph may *Daphnis* prove,
 And melt for me with strong resistless love.

Crumble the cake, and burn the crackling bays,
 And scatter bitumen the flame to raise.

I for

I for my *Daphnis* smit with strong desire
 This laurel burn, the same in him t'inspire.
 Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms
 O bring the rover to my longing arms.
 May such desires now rage in *Daphnis* veins,
 As the fond heifer feels, when o'er the plains
 She bounds her way, or thro' the gloomy grove,
 To meet the bull, the object of her love.
 Fatigu'd with search, where rills meand'ring play
 She pensive lies, nor heeds departed day;
 May such desires now rage in *Daphnis*' veins,
 And make me, love ! regardless of his pains.
 Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms,
 O bring the rover to my longing arms,—
 These garments, earth ! which *Daphnis* gave to
 me,
 Beneath this threshold I commit to thee.
 Ye dear, dear pledges of the love he bore,
 Return the wand'rer to my arms once more.

Bring

Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms,
O bring the rover to my longing arms !

These herbs, which *Macris* gave, from *Pontus*
came,

Pontus produces numbers of the same ;
Assisted by their wond'rous pow'r he stood,
Chang'd to a wolf, and ambush'd in the wood ;
From their deep graves, he call'd the peaceful dead,
And the ripe corn to other's fields convey'd.

Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful charms,
O bring the rover to my longing arms !

From out the house now, *Amaryllis*, bear
The sacred ashes into open air ;
Not backwards looking, cast them o'er your head,
Into yon stream that gurgles thro' the mead.

With this I'll try his love—for *Daphnis* fears
Nor pow'rs above, nor sacred strains reveres.

Bring *Daphnis* from the town, my powerful
charms,

O bring the rover to my longing arms !

K

But

But *Amaryllis*, lo ! while I delay
 To bear the half-extinguish'd coals away,
 (Gods grant it good !) an omen glads my sight,
 The coals spontaneous glow with quivering
 light.
 Hark ! *Hylax* barks ! Heav'n ! can it real prove ?
 Or do illusions mock despairing love ?
 Lo ! *Daphnis* comes ! now cease my powerful
 charms,
 The rover comes to bless my longing arms.

VERSES

V E R S E S

Sent under Cover to a fair Neighbour at
PARIS, who never shewed herself at her
Window, although her Work-bag was
constantly hanging there.

Au petit Sac d'Ouvrage, joli, mais très oisif,
que je vois toujours pendu à la Fenêtre vis
à vis de mon Appartement.

DIS moi donc, petit sac ! pendu à cette
fenêtre,

Qui, dans une tête Angloise, maint soupçons fait
naître,

N'es tu pas l' emblème

D'une maîtresse, dont le corps

Est la beauté même,

Qui nous charme par son dehors ;

Mais qui, (la bouche bien fermée comme la tienne,)

Ne nous decèle pas l' esprit qu'elle contient ?—

A TRIP TO SOHO.

TIS sung in Hudibrastic ditty,
 Some frugal neighbours of this city,
 On weighty household facts to treat,
 At Haberdashers Hall did meet.
 Tom open'd the debate, by swearing
 That at his house there was no hearing
 For noise of coaches, and of chairs,
 And women's heels upon his stairs.
 Who dar'd deny it was a rash one,
 But now it was so much the fashion,
 In merchants houses to keep rout,
 To dance, or deal the cards about;
 That, for his soul, he could not think
 How any one could bear the stink *

* That the writer may not here be tax'd with indelicacy, he desires to remind those gentlemen and ladies who make use of perfumes, that what one person takes to be a sweet-scented smell, is often by another regarded as an offensive odour.

Of such a crowd, as oft congress,
 Squeez'd in two closets and a press;
 (No other names so well can fit
 The chambers where those mobs all fit)
 He, therefore, humbly did propose,
 Of all those routs to break the nose;—
 (To break the neck, is a wrong term!
 For when a neck's broke, or an arm,
 It may regain, by art and skill,
 Its former use, and habits ill :
 Thus, then, he broach'd the better notion,
 That when a man, by wrong-judged motion,
 Disjoints, or, (proper,) breaks his nose,
 It is an emblem fit and close,
 Of all which ever mortal man did,
 Can be undone, and never mended :)
 To break the nose, then, of those meetings,
 Those oft repeated unsane sweatings,
 So prejudicial to their health,
 Their bodies wasting with their wealth,

He humbly mov'd, " that they should join
A few spare guineas, and combine
To have a weekly hop, or ball,
A fix'd assembly at this hall."

" Done! (Richard cry'd) I second Tom;
I hate a rout, detest a drum.—
When'er my wife invites her cronies,
I might as well be hunting conies,
(As profitable is the task)
As sit and plod it at my desk.—
There's no subtracting or dividing,
For noise of card-play'rs, and card-chiding.
If I revise a codicil,
I'm interrupted by *Spadille*;
Or should I peep into my ledger,
I might as well dive with a badger,
As sum a column of arrears:—
Manille so lords it in my ears;
Basto, roars one, with hollow tone,
Just as my clerk his work has shewn;

My

My clerk, tho' learn'd in Tuscan tongue,
 Hath his two ears but poorly hung,
 Thinks I cry'd *bastia* to th' inditing ;
 Lays down his pen, and ends his writing.
 In short all *mattadores* unite
 To make me die with spleen and spite."

There needs few arguments about it ;
 Suffice, the routs were here quite routed.
 To these the rest did join their voice,
 Of 'foresaid hall to make strait choice
 (When weightier business gave them leisure)
 To dance and card it at their pleasure.
 It hath been said, for gospel giv'n,
 " There's nothing new, beneath the Heav'n ;"
 But with correction and amendment,
 There must be, here, some wrong intendment ;
 For twelve gay months, (to those that came)
 Our ball was new, and in high fame ;
 Ev'n daughter, wife, and bride of peer,
 Disdain'd not, oft, to foot it here ;

Till rival fister, at Soho,
 Her sprightly face began to shew,
 And painting, dressing, in mere spite,
 Out-shone poor Haberdasher quite.
 To this assembly now Tom's wife
 Must go ; or it will end her life.
 Tom urg'd, but urg'd, alas ! in vain,
 " She might as well take ship for Spain,
 In cabin be ten long-days bed-rid,
 Express to have a dance at Madrid ;
 As such a dancing errand go,
 In crazy hackney to Soho ;
 To great fatigue of back and bones,
 Jolting them o'er three mile of stones ;
 When she might foot it at the ball
 Kept nearer home, in city hall.
 He could excuse a maiden's going ;
 She might perhaps be woo'd, or wooing ;
 Or young apprentice, who does aim,
 In love, to burn with noble flame ;

To

To fire a lady, sprout of dutcheſs,
 And tell her, *poſting-chaiſe*, in Scotch, is
Conſent ; and *wedlock*, *icy Scotland* ;
 ('Tis not ſo cheriſh'd in a hot land)
 Exempt from old maid's ſcoff or ſcorn,
 The *public banns* ;—a *poſting horn* ;
 Ever rebellious and untoward,
 For *ſettlement*, the Scots have no word ;
 And for a parſon, in black gown
 To tie the knot,—there needed none ;
 He'd find a clown, in brown or grey,
 Booted and ſpurr'd, ſhould preach and pray ;
 And without ſtir, grimace, or racket,
 Lug out a pray'r-book from his pocket ;
 And tho' he bleſs'd in wond'rous haſte,
 Should tie them moſt ſecurely faſt.”

Why need I mention all the ſtrife !
 That paſs'd twixt Tommy and his wife ;
 'Twas now ſo much the faſhion grown,
 For ladies of the trading town,

To

To prance in jewels to Soho,
And for young cits to ape the beau,
That Tommy's wife must also go.

}

A ticket got,—the coach was order'd ;
A coach, with brazen nails thick border'd,
Painted with monstrous beasts with wings,
And hung on straps, that serv'd for springs ;
It was, in shape, of antient mode,
Not quite so long as it was broad.
Perch'd on the bear-skin'd box, on high,
And most conspicuous to the eye,
Sat fat unweildy coachman John,
Who, by his size, out-gaug'd a tun.
This bulk he had not gain'd in stable ;
John serv'd at times, his master's table,—
Two horses, from his seat, he guided ;
Concerning which, 'tis not decided,
Whether more fit to draw dust-carts ;
Or, at round mill, to shew their parts ;

To

To go in dray ; or drag a barge ;
 They were so clumsy, and so large,
 (Good Johnny must not here abuse us)
 They could have serv'd those several uses.

To make the jolt more blythe and hearty,
 Our Dicky's spouse was of the party ;
 And Tommy's son, by whose gay look,
 You would mistake him for a duke ;
 His velvet blue suit he had put on,
 And dress'd his head *en tête de mouton*,
 Or *de belier* ; for he did wear
 Locks curl'd like ram-horns, at each ear ;
 O ! could we add, that from their length
 They were as sure a sign of strength.

By light of flambeau, see they go,
 And drive like Jehu to Soho ;
 There, while our dames are plac'd iu rank
 With dutchesses,—how they look blank ;
 As cry'd her grace, to left-hand lady,—
 “ What have we here ?—observe the hoidy.”—

The

The countess squeak'd, with up-turn'd nose,
 "Some cits, I vow, in Sundays cloaths;
 What brings the things, I wonder, here;
 'Tis odd such folks ca'nt know their sphere."
 "Nay, quoth her grace, I give them merit,
 Than us they have more publick spirit;
 What fortune gives to us too much,
 In luxury we spend with grudge;
 They, out of a small income, spend
 What should be kept for wiser end;
 As, to instruct their little fry
 In knowledge of the Deity;
 And add, to burnish up their parts,
 Shrewd learning of the worldly arts;
 Or to provide, in case of failure,
 To pay their baker and their taylor.
 What merchant, while he is in trade,
 Can say his fortune's surely made?
 Have we not seen the most tip-top
 One day thought rich, the next shut shop?

With-

Without comparing 'twixt the great
 And little of this trading state,
 I grant a merchant, at his book,
 Is full as useful as a duke ;
 But then (each one should keep his sphere)
 He should not at Soho appear ;
 Squeez'd in 'mongst us, as if by stealth,
 To squander here, his hard-got wealth.
 What cit, who quits this place so soon
 As three o'clock, can rise at noon ?
 To have his business rightly done,
 He ought to rise with early sun :
 Then how can madam, on a sudden,
 For dinner order beef or pudden ?
 Whilst she lies snoring in her bed,
 Poor 'prentice feeds on crusts of bread ;
 Besides, if hither oft they stray,
 To waste their time among the gay,
 Will not wise folks be apt to think,
 They are but sparing of their ink ;

Which

Which as they save and save the faster,
 Their fortune's nearer to disaster ?
 Old proverb faith,—“ birds of a feather,
 (Men of like minds) e'er flock together ;”
 When, therefore, tradesmen herd with those,
 Who waste their pelf in game and cloaths,
 It will be judg'd, that his weak mind
 To like vain folly is inclin'd ?”—
 All this, and more, our dames did hear ;—
 But relish'd how (as shall appear)
 We'll sing, in * sequel to our tale, next year.

* The above was written for the edification and amusement of the author's own family, which improv'd so much by it as to make the sequel of the trip not at all necessary.

LINES

L I N E S

Written in a young Lady's Bible.

READ'ST thou this book, as monks and abbots teach ;

As Calvin taught us, or as Luth'rans preach ?
 Dost thou torment thy brain, or beat thy head,
 To find two meanings to what here is said ?
 Expounding texts, to common-sense most clear,
 Explain'st for types, where none, in fact, appear ?
 Or, passive in th' opinions of thy mind,
 In tenets treading, as are led the blind,
 Believ'st in such, howe'er absurd, abhor'd,
 Because a parent taught, or priestly lord ?
 Dost thou neglect thy Saviour's words and rules,
 For creeds, for rites, for forms of wrangling
 schools ?
 His name forsaking for a sect, dost hope
 And trust in Calvin, Luther, or the Pope ?

If

If so thou form'st thy mind, peruse no more
 This sacred book : for shut is wisdom's store ;
 By no proud sect her learned treasure's found ;
 Who seeks for truth, his faith in none must
 ground ;
 All have their errors, to this book unknown ;
 Read then it's precepts, common-sense hath shown ;
 Those lead to Heav'n ; what else beyond our reach
 Is left for God, and not for man to teach.

ON THE
D E A T H
OF THE
REVEREND Mr. L. STERNE,

Author of the SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, &c.

MOURN, Britons ! mourn ; your fatal loss
deplore ;

Mirth's fled your isle, for *Sterne* is now no more ;

Sterne, who, to man, this lesson left below :

He most is blest, whose *feelings* overflow.—

AN ANSWER, sign'd DESPAIR, to a
punning EPITAPH printed in one of the
Public Papers, on a Mrs. HOPE.

PResumptuous mortal!—dare to kill
All-bounteous Hope,—against our will!

No;—Hope still lives; and, to thy shame,

Thy foul attempt hath lost its aim.

When thou to Tyburn shalt be led,

(All future chance of life then fled,)

The parson for thy soul shall pray,

And 'mongst the blest'sd bespeak it's stay:

But tho' *Hope* live, I there agree,

She shall be dead, indeed, to thee.—

When man shall cease to love the fair;

Low courtiers on their patrons stare;

When traders lose their hopes of gain;

Or sailors cease to plow the main;

Statesmen to court their sov'reign's ear;

Or maidens wish to conquer fear;

When

When restless pride shall quit the state,
 And boundless scheme forsake the great;
 Oh! then, to atoms torn this world,
Hope shall from earth be swiftly hurl'd;
Unworthy in high heav'n to dwell,
Too good to be thrown down to hell;
Suspended she shall live, as now,
 A meteor light to those below:
 Till then, (I tell it as sure fact,) a
 Hope's motto rests—*At Spes non fracta.*

L I N E S

Written on the Canvas of a half-finished Portrait of Mrs. CREW. The Lady, whose Countenance expresses the most perfect Serenity of Mind, was drawn with her Head resting on her Hand, and her Eyes fixed attentively on the Ground.

SURE, lovely maid ! no ills of life
To you were ever known ;
No loss of friends, nor wedlock's strife,
Yet caus'd you e'er to moan.

Then eye not, with that thoughtful look,
The dust from whence you sprung ;
With pangs of woe, so ill to brook,
Your heart was never wrung.

A L E T-

A LETTER from BATH, to Lady —.

March 26, 1769.

ALL those, my dear madam, who'd keep out
of Bridewell,

With hands or with mind at no time must be
idle ;

And, as freedom I like, you cannot expect
I'd now risk confinement by sluggish neglect ;

But, us'd to be busied in town with my quill,
I can't let my fingers at present lie still ;

They'd grow stiff in the joints, if I were n't to
write,

And, at my return, would be slow to indite.

Besides, 'tis allow'd, both in learning and taste,

The mind of a man, like a field, will run waste,

If fancy, invention, reflection of thought,

Are left unemploy'd, or not us'd as they ought :

Excuse then my metre from this idle city ;

Had I bus'ness to write, I'd write you no ditty.—

I doubt not you'll wonder what brought me to
Bath,

But when I do tell you, you'll surely be wrath :
I came here to trifle and drive away care
With the sweet smiling females, the lively and
fair ;

To *trifle*, I say, for it is my design
No *second* to woo, were she e'er so divine.

The *last* friend I had, was good natur'd and fair,
And possess'd of more wit than yet fell to my share.

I lov'd her ; regret her ; and need I to tell,

I'll ne'er find another will love me so well ;

And, to speak now the truth, I'd not give a fig

For one, were her fortune however so big,

Could she, with that fortune, not give me her
heart,

And love me contented *'till death us do part*.

The rich, the rich marry ; which makes a man
mutter,

'Tis basting a pig (as you roast it) with butter ;

Then

Then where shall I find a young female, so kind,
 A rich one, I mean, who would tell me her mind;
 And my honour's so nice, I never could tell
 A rich fair "*I love*," tho' I lov'd her too well;
 She'd think 'twas her fortune, and not her fair
 face,

Made me with us fast lock'd in wedlock's embrace.
 Unless then it hap (which I cannot expect,)
 A damsel, for me, should e'er lose her respect;
 Forget all decorum, all honour and shame,
 And say that she lov'd me, and blaz'd in a flame,
 I'll ne'er get a wife,—for I cannot afford
 To marry an *equal*, so small is my hoard!

But truce to this subject;—it puts me in mind
 Of notice for wives, which in papers we find;
 Besides, it smells much of the coxcomb and fop,
 T' expect a fair damsel her 'kerchief will drop,
 To tell me, she sighs for my long spindle legs,
 And therefore to Hymen my company begs.—

Now could I wish for the inventive quick brain,
 The pow'rs of description, poetical vein,
 Of him who so drolly, to laugh and deride
 All blund'ring travellers, did write his *Bath Guide* ;
 To awaken your mirth, I'd give you a list
 Of people not happy, contented, or blest,
 Unless from themselves, their own thoughts, they
 retreat,

And fly to a crowd from reflections they hate.
 Myself at the head ; and my weakness I'll own,
 At times I am sad for my friend that is gone.
 The set our fam'd poet did give us, 'tis true,
 Was a droll one, but then—each year there's a
 new ;

For, (to quote the great Pope, who borrow'd from
 Homer,

While *he* too, from Proverbs, had stol'n it, or
 somewhere ;

I know, from the Bible, but chapter and verse
 Serve not to our purpose, and so we'll rehearse :)

“ Like

“ Like leaves on tall trees, race of mortals is
 “ found ;
 “ In youth now quite green, and now with’ring
 “ on ground ;
 “ Another young race, spring following supplies ;
 “ Successive they fall, and successive they rise.”

But Bath, my dear madam, is all in a roar ;
 King Derrick is sick, and, they say, at death’s
 door.

I wish, from my heart, he was fairly at rest ;
 For his soul, I believe, will hereafter be blest ;
 And *that’s* sure the creed of the good folks at
*Beath**,

Such pray’rs, petitions are put up for his death.
 But *my* wish, alone is, to see the town quiet ;
 For tho’ at th’ election there may be a riot,

* To assist his Rhyme, the Author has here adopted the
 Pronunciation of the Fine Ladies, and he begs the Reader
 will pronounce it accordingly.

When

When next king is settled and fix'd on his throne,
I trust that dame Discord will let us alone.—

Parties run high ; and there are *chairmen* enough
To kick up a dust, if folks mean to be rough.
The *Scots* to a man, (which encreases the evil,)
The *Irish* have join'd, and will play the rude devil.
Gods ! what may'nt we now dread from such an
alliance ;

They'll put the whole city at open defiance :
The *last* they like *blood*, and the *first* like rebellion,
All opposers have felt, whom ever they fell on.
Then woe to the pates that poll not for their
choice ;

And woe to all people who 'gainst them rejoice.
For me, I was neuter, 'till good lady Bingwell,
If I poll'd on no side, declar'd I'd be single.
Her la'ship's a woman of very first mode,
So I could n't go wrong if I follow'd her road ;
I chose then my party, and to my last hour,
Support it I will with th' extent of my pow'r.

The

The death of poor *Derrick* two crosses will bring ;
 Bath loses a *poet* as well as a *king*.
 I think for the *first* I will enter my claim ;
 Tho' no profit it bring, 'twill add to my name ;
 And as fame's no pursuit of this gay generation,
 To foretell my success needs no great penetra-
 tion.—

In words of the parson,—*'tis time to conclude* ;
 If longer I write I shall surely be rude,
 For the ladies await me to go to the rooms,
 Where silks sweep the floor much oftener than
 brooms.

My party and I shall be only spectators
 To th' vain wanton pow'r of some modern dic-
 tators :

A circle of cap'ers, who take up the floor,
 And keep all the gazers squeez'd up at the door.
 Such tyranny longer is not to be borne ;
 Pow'r, when usurp'd, sticks in my side like a
 thorn :

This

This Turkish, uncivil, tyrannical dance
Cotillon they call, late imported from France ;
Some say that the Frenchmen, when northwards
they swarm,
Make use of such dances, to keep their hands warm ;
And sure you would wonder to see their fists beat,
While quick move their *fingers* instead of their *feet*.
Some say that our rulers, to make Britons stoop,
Thus teach them to bob, ere they jump thro' the
hoop ;
Left soldiers should fail them, and musquets, and
all,
We practise to musick and stoop at the ball.—
Those dancers, to others, are laughable things ;
Like harpsichord jacks, that jump up at the strings,
They bob up and down ; are much oft'ner at fault,
For at each diff'rent step you'll e'er see a halt ;
The jacks, they do jump tho' they touch not the
string ;
But these restive stand, and gaze round in a ring,
Till

Till dancers profess'd set them friendly to right,
And end, by *instructions*, the ludricous fight.

'Tis strange ! that the people, in publick, should
come

Thus drolly to bob, ere they practise at home.

But, again *to conclude*, as hinted above,
To all friends around you present my best love ;
Believe, me dear cousin, where e'er I shall roam,
I ne'er shall forget kind relations at home.

ODE

O D E

To MYRA*.

I.

MYRA is absent, nature fades ;
 Roses and lilies hang their heads ;
 The birds no more in airy circles borne,
 Aloft, display their quiv'ring plumes ;
 No more each songster pride assumes,
 And, with his warbling, tries to chear the morn.

* This and the following Odes were written by a young nobleman, unhappily for his country, now deceased ; he was also the author of the poetical Preface to the Attempts ; the author of which, will not, I hope, take it amiss, that I have given to his friend the posts of honour in this book, the FRONT and the REAR ; for, in my humble opinion, I think, he deserves them. If these Odes should give to the Public as much satisfaction as they have given me, I promise it a whole Volume of the same young nobleman's compositions, as soon as I shall have leisure to revise them, and to put them into some little order for the Press.

II.

II.

See, how the linnet on yon tree,
Droops, while he sadly pities me,
And careless views his partner in the bush ;
While sits, beside yon mazy rill,
Which oft does all the meadow fill,
The once sweet-finging, but now mournful thrush.

III.

Will e'er my fair relent, and come,
When I am dead, to view my tomb ?
And will she deck my peaceful grave with care ?
Why would my fancy try in vain,
To ease by hope of bliss my pain,
And paint my lovely Mira kind as fair ?

IV.

Alas ! I fear too true my woe ;
Ye swains ! in yon deep vale, below

That

That aged hawthorn's boughs, inter my bones ;
 Place me beside that verdant bed,
 Where Pope, to Mira, oft I read ;
 And since she's gone have oft renew'd my moan.

V.

Methinks I see some happy swain,
 Who never knew, in love, a pain,
 Viewing my tomb, let fall a gen'rous tear ;
 Approach then, gentle-minded youth,
 And hear unwillingly this truth ;—
 “ Your's may be kind ;—she'll never be so fair.”

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

An O D E.

I.

YE youths, and lovely virgins ! come !
Behold the rosy May

Has given the fields a fresher bloom,
And rais'd each flower that's gay ;
Together, o'er the dewy meads,
We'll walk, where roving fancy leads,
And gather flowers for Mira's hair ;
For her, in whom each beauty meets,
Whose breast improves the rose's sweets ;
The lily makes more fair.

II.

Now the charm'd florist takes his stand
Upon the varied bed ;
He dresses, with a careful hand,
What lavish nature shed :
The rose that blushes in each song,
The cowslips that to woods belong,

M

The

The blue-vein'd violet he views;
 With what ecstatic joy he sees
 The flowers, beneath the spreading trees,
 Expand their shining hues !

III.

The blackbirds now the woods forsake,
 Their dusky loves to woo ;
 Now from the thickest darkest brake
 The mourning turtles coo ;
 There, where the flowery furze and grove
 Invite the feather'd train to love,
 They try at first faint-warbled strains ;
 Till, by degrees, their swelling throats,
 Wide op'ning, breathe their louder notes,
 And charm the list'ning swains.

IV.

'Tis, when the beauteous warblers end
 Their songs, at close of day,
 That Philomela (night's sad friend,)
 Attunes her softer lay ;—

'Tis

'Tis love alone, all powerful love !
 That sweetens thus each shady grove,
 And breathes the symphony of spring ;
 To win his feather'd charmer's heart
 Each lover tries his tuneful art,
 And plumes his painted wing.—

V.

Cease then, ye school-boys, cease to wound
 The birds that rove the plains ;
 The muse laments her brothers bound,
 Whom tyrant man detains ;—
 The captive bird, so gay of late,
 In mournful notes bemoans his fate ;
 Sure, to his fate such notes belong ;
 His native sweetness is no more ;
 Lost is, what pleasure gave before,—
 His wildly am'rous song.

VI.

For when along the shady grove
 The thoughtless victim stray'd,

M 2

No

No care had he of aught but love,
 Nor knew what snares were laid :—
 Sudden the tangling nets surprize
 His heedless feet ; in vain he tries
 Anew his native fields to gain ;
 Confin'd, within a wir'y cage,
 He spends on man his little rage,
 And fullen wears his chain.

VII.

Thus, but too oft, unthinking man
 In paths of pleasure treads ;
 Unknowing where his search began,
 Uncertain where it leads ;
 Till, warn'd by some false step, he finds
 That vice his inclination binds,
 And holds him captive in her chain ;
 To leave the dangerous road, he tries
 To break her long contracted ties ;
 But all, alas ! is vain.—

ODE on PENSIVENESS.

Addressed to a FRIEND.

I.

WHY do the ruffling gales of life
Continue thus to blow ?

Why shall I never find relief,
But always taste of woe ?
Ev'n Melancholy, pleasing power !
Can never sooth to me an hour,
Nor can she calm my anxious breast ;
Her ling'ring stay I oft upbraid ;
Then do I seek the musing maid
When I'm with grief oppress'd ?

II.

She nor within the palace gay
Does fix her gloomy seat ;
Nor e'er expos'd to Phœbus ray
Is found her calm retreat.

Beside

Beside the softly murm'ring rill,
 That winds adown the moss-grown hill,
 Does gentle Melancholy dwell ;
 Or where the sweatly cooling breeze,
 Fans thro' the quiv'ring shrubs and trees ;
 Or in the hermit's cell.

III.

Seek her amidst the wildest rocks,
 Where seldom swain has trod ;
 Or where the snow-white bleating flocks
 Have never mark'd the road : .
 Or if you see, at close of day,
 A place o'erspread with ruins grey,
 Thither the musing nymph will come ;
 She loves each lonely tomb, and stone
 With ivy's clasping shade o'er grown ;
 She dwells amid the gloom.—

IV.

The courtier proud, who rules the state,
 Ne'er knows her pleasing joys ;

Am-

Ambition prompts him to be great;

'Tis that each hour employs.

She, with the simply thoughtful swain,

Wanders along the flowery plain,

Where yellow-tinted cowslips grow ;

'Tis her's to ease the shepherd's breast,

Be it with anxious cares oppress'd ;

She soothes the lover's woe.

V.

These moral truths to you, my friend,

'Tis true, can ne'er belong ;

Your jovial spirits know no end ;

“ Then whence (you cry) this song ?”

“ To me the groves, the flowers, the meads,

“ The rill, that down the valley leads,

“ Can raise no sweetly pleasing thought ;

“ 'Tis not by saunt'ring in a wood,

“ 'Tis not by musing o'er a flood,

“ That happiness is bought.”

VI. It

VI.

It is not these, my friend, alone

That please my musing mind ;

It is the pleasure to bemoan

A love of hap'less kind.

One day, some kindred spirit, led

By contemplation on the dead,

To view my rural grave shall come ;

Perhaps shall heave one heart-felt sigh,

Shall mourn my fate with weeping eye,

And *pensive* leave my tomb—



F I N I S.